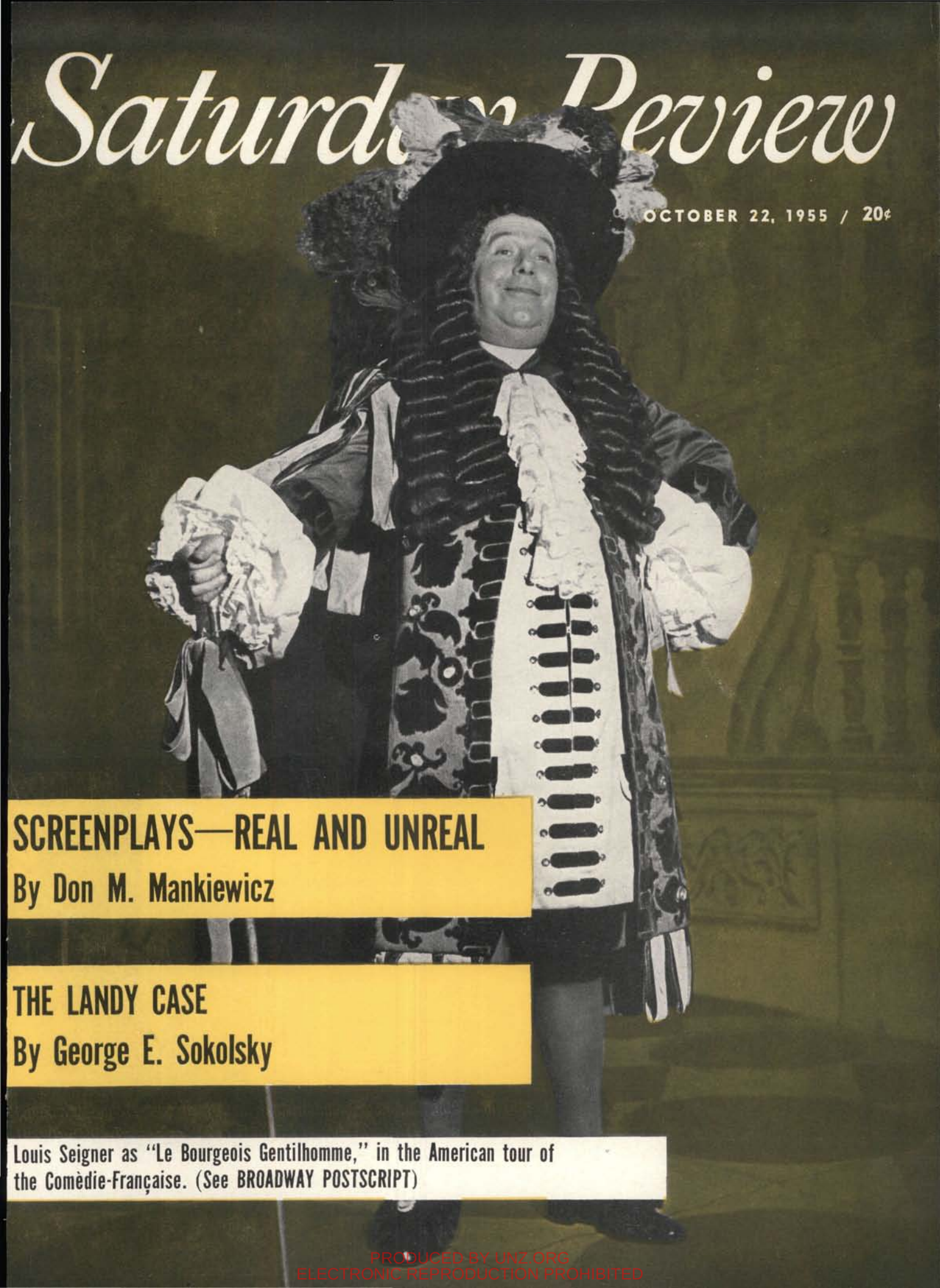
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 22, 1955 / 20¢



SCREENPLAYS—REAL AND UNREAL

By Don M. Mankiewicz

THE LANDY CASE

By George E. Sokolsky

Louis Seigner as "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," in the American tour of the Comèdie-Française. (See BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT)

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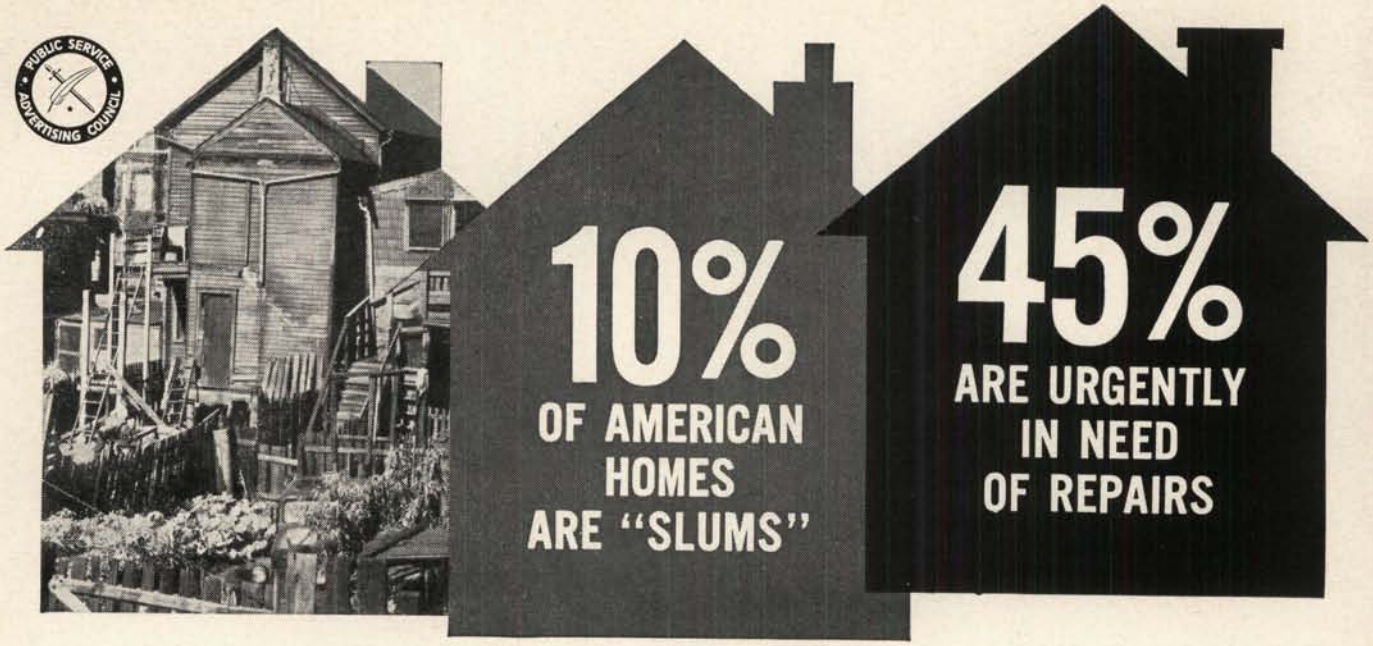

We have a house to put in order...

WE HAVE A HOUSE to put in order . . . and it's the house where America lives.

Think about those figures above. Of our 45,000,000 non-farm homes, better than 10%—5,000,000—are out-and-out slums. And another 20,000,000 are in poor to fair condition.

That's the house we have to put in order if our constantly growing millions are to enjoy our rising standards of living.

What's your stake in the slums?

If you think your town is different, just look around you. *Every* community, including yours, has houses and blocks and whole areas that need to be put in order.

If you think slums don't touch you as long as you don't live in one, *think again*. Wherever you live, housing problems and slums raise your taxes and depress the value of your house. They mean higher rates of crime, delinquency and disease. They lower the social and economic level of your whole community.

How do slums start?

It's equally important to prevent tomorrow's slums. And that's your problem, too.

How do slums start? Let just one house slide downhill and a whole block changes. Home values drop. Other houses are neglected and decay spreads.

That's why the 20 million homes that need repair and basic improvements deserve just as much attention as out-and-out slums. The time to stop their blight is now, before it spreads.

What can you do about this?

The answer to America's substandard housing problem starts with you. For it's up to you to keep up and improve your own home. And it's up to you and your neighbors to keep your neighborhood *and your whole town* in good condition.

Some slums should be torn down and a fresh start made. Others can be remodeled, made to conform to better living standards. So it is up to you to get behind every sound program which seeks to provide adequate housing for all our people.

New help is now available

There is a new national, non-profit organization called A.C.T.I.O.N.—The American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods—which is designed to help all individuals or groups interested in putting America's house in order.

Write them for a free copy of "HANDBOOK FOR ACTION." It contains advice and guidance on the fight against slums. Address ACTION, Box 462, Radio City Station, New York 20, N. Y.

ACTION

American **C**ouncil **T**o **I**mprove **O**ur **N**eighborhoods

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(Advertisement)

Eyewitness to the Bible at Work in Today's World

By THURMAN PRICE

IN KOREA, Peru and Indochina . . . in Egypt, Germany and Afghanistan and in *ninety* other countries, Dr. Roland Hall Sharp, a skilled and perceptive writer and observer, reveals the influence of Bible teachings in today's struggle for men's minds.

Dr. Sharp's book, *On Wings of the Word,* tells the real truth about how much the Bible is read and understood . . . and the results. He writes with lively human interest, refreshing perspective and humor. He talks in terms of people, incidents and inspiration—yet always with today's frightening realities in mind.

THE PAGES of this book are witness to the personal struggles of strong people who have "forgotten to fear." Struggles that are taking place *now* in each of the 96 countries visited by Dr. Sharp, who spent two years and traveled 145,000 miles seeking, probing and searching for the real truth.

Writing without bias, Dr. Sharp reports the progress made by all Christian faiths as he *saw* it. From conversations with other travelers, he also tells of the Bible's influence where Christianity is both feared and forbidden.

AIR TRANSPORTATION permitted him to make a personal evaluation of the impact of the Bible throughout the world in only two short years. The book is published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce-Little Brown and has received wide press notice for its timely and important message for thinking Americans of all faiths.

Not everyone with a book to write or an ideal to seek need travel as far as Dr. Sharp to find it, but his experience adds point to a remark by an official of Pan American World Airways, which is quoted in the preface of *On Wings of the Word:* "A world airline is engaged in transporting ideas and ideals as well as passengers and merchandise"

The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 22, 1955

SR/IDEAS

9 Screenplays—Real and Unreal, by Don M. Mankiewicz
11 The Adventures of Johnny Flashback, by Louis Auchincloss
23 The Landy Case, by George E. Sokolsky
24 Letter to Administrator Peterson: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

12 The Age of Reform: From Bryan to F.D.R., by Richard Hofstadter
Reviewed by John D. Hicks
13 Architecture, Ambition and Americans, by Wayne Andrews
Reviewed by Rexford Newcomb
14 Taming the Forty-Niner, by Elisabeth Margo
Reviewed by Oscar Lewis
15 Episode in the Transvaal, by Harry Bloom
Reviewed by Alan Paton
16 The Best American Short Stories 1955, edited by Martha Foley
Reviewed by James Kelly
16 Green Pond, by Evan Brandon
Reviewed by William Peden
18 The Thaw, by Ilya Ehrenburg
An Essay-Review by Ernest J. Simmons
20 A Family of Two Worlds, by Ann Bridge
Reviewed by Mary Ellen Chase
21 Me and Kit, by Guthrie McClintic
Reviewed by Allen Churchill
22 The Book of Little Knowledge, by Goodman Ace
Discussed by Allen Churchill

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf
5 Literary Crypt
17 Literary I.Q.
25 Letters to the Editor
26 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes
28 TV and Radio, by Robert Lewis Shayon
30 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Hollis Alpert
31 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin
34 Books for Young People, edited by Frances Lander Spain
38 The Criminal Record
43 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1126

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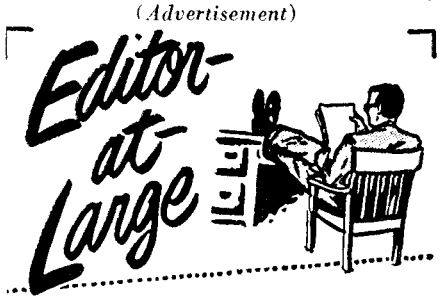

Birthdays (especially my own) have always been to me occasions more for melancholy retrospection than for rejoicing. But the fact that somebody or something has survived another year is always news these days, and so there is one birthday I would like to invite you to join me in celebrating.

That is the third anniversary of the "Editor-at-Large," which, with this column, moves hopefully into its fourth year. To honor the event, I am going to make a rather spectacular offer.

I am going to give some reader of this column a complete library of Anchor Books: 67 volumes of the very best in paperbound books.

It's very simple to qualify for this present: there are no sentences to complete, no puzzles to solve, nothing to tear off. All you have to do is send me (preferably on a postcard) your name, your address and the name of the place or person (magazine, newspaper, radio program, lecturer or any other source) that gives you the best information about books.

Any reader can enter: booksellers, book reviewers, other publishers, relatives — anybody who cares about good books. The only restriction is that no person may write more than once.

Answers must reach me by November 15. On that date I will blindfold an Anchor Books editor and have him draw one reply. Its writer will be sent the 67 books.

Among them will be the eight newest Anchors, including the first "Anchor Review," a periodical containing articles by such writers as Malraux, Silone, Cyril Connolly and others. There will also be "An Elizabethan Song Book," the words and music to 84 songs, with an introduction by W. H. Auden; two novels by Colette; and "Meaning in the Visual Arts," by Erwin Panofsky, an original contribution to the illustrated Anchor Series on art history.

I hope you will send me a card. Your replies will help determine the form this column takes in the future. Thanks and good luck.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Send your cards to L. L. Day, Dept. SR, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Complete selections of Anchor Books titles may be seen at your own bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.

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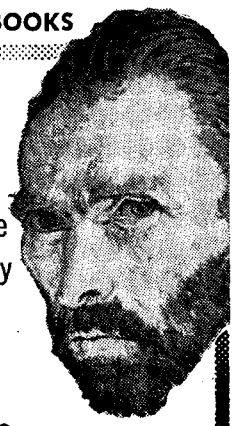

A remarkable new biography of Vincent Van Gogh

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TRADE Winds

NOTES FROM A RIGHT-HAND DRAWER

THERE IS A BOOKSHOP some miles outside of Boston owned by a lady so thrifty that she saves every bit of string that comes into the place. She keeps it in two boxes. The larger is labeled simply "String." The tag on the smaller box reads "String too small to use." . . . Joe E. Lewis is seeking a gambling license for a posh place in Palestine. He's got the perfect name for it: Oy Vegas. . . . Leo Guild envisages a new TV quiz show for the canine set called "The 64,000-Collar Question." Winner of the grand prize gets the collars and a free trip to the Sequoia National Forest.

THE PRINCIPAL character in Pierre Boulle's superb war novel, "The Bridge Over the River Kwai" (Vanguard), is an English colonel whose indomitable courage is exceeded only by his pigheadedness and fatal inability to adjust himself to unusual situations. Alec Guinness will play the part in the screen version—and he can be relied upon to act it to the hilt. Boulle's new novel, incidentally, "Not the Glory," is another sly dissection of British character, not up to "The Bridge" by a jigsight, but good for many a chuckle nonetheless. . . . Wyatt Earp, sure-shot sheriff of Tombstone, bids fair to replace Davy Crockett in the affections of our kiddies, who head so instinctively for their TV sets out where the Westerns begin. Houghton Mifflin is reissuing Stuart Lake's 1931 biography of Sheriff Earp, and Stewart Holbrook is basing a Landmark Book on his exploits. . . . Herb Stein tells of some small fry, by the way, who deserted TV long enough to invent their own version of Russian Roulette. They play with six non-transparent water pistols—five loaded with water and the sixth with ink. Another group of candidates for the juvenile delinquency courts are now devoting themselves to hop-scotch—using real Scotch.

LOUIS B. SELTZER, long-time editor of the *Cleveland Press* and one of the best-loved figures in Ohio's history, will write his autobiography for World, whose main office and printing plant is a Cleveland landmark. . . . World, incidentally, has done a superb promotion job on Mac Kantor's "Andersonville": had the trade buzzing about it months before publication. . . . S. and S. in general and Dick Simon in particular rate similar bows for their exploitation of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." A novel often hits the best-seller list strictly on its merits, but a smart publisher can keep it there long beyond its predictable span. . . . When you see smashing display ads of a book in media customarily considered far beyond the means of undercapitalized publishers seek the identity of a mighty motion-picture unit that has corraled the screen rights and is wisely trying to increase the importance of the property. A couple of cagey producers have contributed sums as high as $25,000 for additional space to hypo sales of the book and help pre-sell the nation's exhibitors and movie fans. Less cooperative Hollywood execs, meanwhile, wonder why so many publishers show their best bets to these studios first!

THE FIRST THING I always turn to in *Collier's*, after seeing what John O'Hara's been up to in his column, are the cartoons. John Frost had one recently that hit a tender spot. It showed a regretful publisher ushering an author out of his sanctum, explaining, "Your novel is excellent, but right now we're looking for trash." . . . There's no longer any reason whatever, insists Bob Sylvester, for anybody to lack complete knowledge

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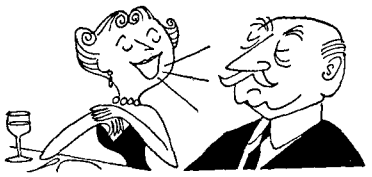
of what the world's leading thinkers, diplomats, and aristocrats are up to. On a single magazine rack Sylvester saw offered for sale copies of *Top Secret, Wow, Rave, Low Down, Inside Story, Cockeyed, Uncensored, Suppressed, Confidential, Exposed,* and *Dare*. . . . Perfume salesman to debutante customer: "With this irresistible scent we also include a free book of instruction in judo." . . .

LONDON DINNER-TABLE conversation relayed by Frederico Babcock: "Being a publisher must be a very pleasant job." "Yes." "You must meet such interesting people." "Yes." "And what thrills you must get!" "Yes." "I mean, when you discover a brand-new writer." "Yes." "A few, I guess, turn out to be failures." "Yes." "But there's



always a chance of spotting another 'Gone With the Wind'." "Yes." "That must be terribly exciting." "Yes." "I suppose it's largely a matter of luck, but flair comes into it, too, doesn't it?" "Yes." "I daresay you have to read plenty of rubbish." "Yes." "Boring for you." "Yes." "But you wouldn't change your job, would you?" "Yes." "Well, I mustn't waste any more of your time, must I?" "No."

ONE OF ENGLAND'S most enterprising publishers, André Deutsch, was rash enough to compare one of his new

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 643

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 643 will be found in the next issue.

MNOPQRFRAF QO FMOQFB

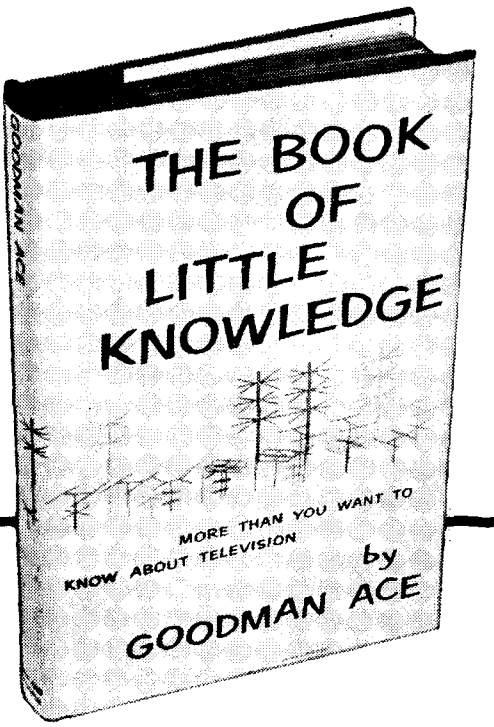
PCMR PFDGFBMRAF.

OFRFAM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 642

What is true by lamplight is not always true by sunlight.

—JOUBERT.



The book that bites the hand that feeds it

GOODMAN ACE*, the author of the book, is unknown to millions as the writer who supplies some of our best TV comedians with their finest hours. But he has his public side — as a trenchant TV critic for the *Saturday Review*. It's a double life but Mr. Ace, being twice as funny as anybody, makes out.

In this book he has collected, expanded, and honed his best writings about the hand that feeds him. His coverage of the subject is complete — network officials, giveaway shows, program ratings, commercials, effulgent personalities, etc. — and when he has put down his pen, the devastation is terrible, but satisfying.

If you pay attention, you will find here and there a good word for Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Groucho Marx, and the cameramen for baseball games.

As the author has said, "C'est la TV."

THE BOOK OF LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

By GOODMAN ACE

$2.95 at all bookstores • Simon and Schuster, Publishers

*This is Goodman Ace's second book. His first, compiled after some twenty-odd years writing and acting in a radio program known as "Easy Aces," was a bankbook, published by Central Hanover, 60th Street branch, New York City. This was later translated by Metropolitan Life into some important papers under the title of Annuities, with monies wrested from zealous tax examiners and on which Mr. Ace now pays a double taxation although he is permitted only single representation at the polls.

Before becoming involved with the mass media, Mr. Ace was a newspaperman in Kansas City, Missouri.

Mr. Ace now affects horn-rimmed glasses so he can see. Readers of this book have his permission to draw them on his photograph. That goes only for buyers of the book, not browsers.

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An extraordinary suggestion

To most Americans, it would probably seem extraordinary to suggest that they read the Manchester Guardian -- a British newspaper.

But, as thousands of U.S. subscribers know, the Manchester Guardian is far more than merely a British journal. It influences thoughtful men and women all over the world, for it is known as one of the best-written, most stimulating (and witty) journals published. To avoid unseemly immodesty, we quote the Saturday Review, an influential American contemporary, which has described us as follows:

"The Air Edition of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* is published in England on Wednesday and arrives in New York on Friday; thus its views and comments deal with the week just gone. It generally runs to sixteen pages and is in my opinion the most literate and entertaining newspaper in the English language. Apart from enjoying its reviews of books, plays, and movies, I find myself waiting around for its editorial comment on various phases of American life and American policy. This is like standing off and taking a long dispassionate look at yourself through the eyes of an extremely polite and informed cousin, who is given neither to scolding nor flattery. Sometimes reassuring, sometimes deflating, it's a salutary experience, clearly worth $7.00 per annum."

We would add only that you will thoroughly enjoy the brilliant dispatches of Alistair Cooke, the Guardian's correspondent in America, and that you should read the paragraph below. It is really a disguised and very generous coupon offer.

For a sixteen-week trial, just write your name and address clearly on or near this ad, clip it neatly, and mail with your check for $2.00 to the Manchester Guardian, 53 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y. Or send $7.00 for a full year; or we'll bill you. If after four weeks you decide the Guardian is not for you, we will (but regretfully!) return your money.

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publications with "The Arabian Nights," concluding his statement with the gentle reminder that the latter compilation had sold "upward of 50,000,000 copies." Mr. Deutsch's figure was promptly challenged as "wildly exaggerated and irresponsible" by an indignant reader who went on to say, "Since one judges a firm's wares by its advertisements' honesty it must be assumed that your publishing house would stoop to any form of cheap-jackery—unless, of course, you can *prove* that 50,000,000 copies of 'The Arabian Nights' have been sold. My own belief is that the author of 'The Arabian Nights' probably is a relative of yours. I am canceling my subscription to your free catalogue and am advising my friends to do likewise." The letter was signed merely, "Disgusted. Tunbridge Wells," but a postscript read, "Should you choose to publish this letter please use my pen-name, Sir Compton Mackenzie."

A DOUBLEDAY MINION had a gruesome nightmare last week. He dreamed that he entered the familiar office building on Madison Avenue one morning to find prexy Doug Black operating one elevator with author Somerset Maugham trying to master the mechanism of another. Upstairs editor Lee Barker was acting as receptionist, Ken McCormick was washing windows, John Beecroft and John Sargent were playing catch with a bundle of "Please remit" notices, and Milt Runyon was wrapping bundles. At that very moment, however, a writer named Tom Costain was substituted for Runyon. The latter, reluctant to hand over his ball of twine, protested, "I feel I'm still good for three or four packages," but Costain explained, "You wrap right-handed, you know, and those American Express boys have been throwing a lot of southpaws at us."

That's when the dreamer got his first look at Doubleday's new manager. "You must recognize him," somebody said. "His name is Casey Stengel." The dreamer awoke in a cold sweat. —Bennett Cerf.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1125)

F. Sagan:

BONJOUR TRISTESSE

Although I did not share my father's intense aversion to ugliness—which often led us to associate with stupid people—I did feel vaguely uncomfortable in the presence of those completely devoid of physical charm. Their resignation just seemed indecent.

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SR's Library Poll

FOR a while it looked as if Americans wanted to read only about How to Get Bigger and Better, or Smaller and Healthier, or Sadder and Sterner, or Simpler and Stronger. But the reading world—perhaps exhaustively reformed in every habit—has now turned back to creative fiction; of the top eleven books on this week's list eight are novels. *SR* hopes we're hailing a trend, because no faddist reading substitutes for the imaginativeness and thoughtfulness of good fiction.

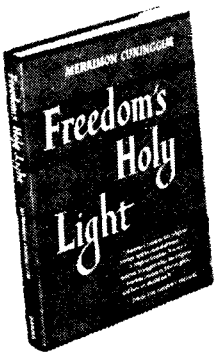
TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Marjorie Morningstar** by Herman Wouk (F)*
2. **The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit** by Sloan Wilson (F)
3. **Something of Value** by Robert Ruark (F)
4. **Bonjour Tristesse** by Françoise Sagan (F)
5. **Gift from the Sea** by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)**
6. **Auntie Mame** by Patrick Dennis (F)
7. **Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing** by Suyin Han (G)
8. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F)
9. **Onions in the Stew** by Betty MacDonald (G)
10. **How to Live 365 Days a Year** by John A. Schindler (G)
11. **The Flower Girls** by Clemence Dane (F)
12. **I'll Cry Tomorrow** by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
13. **Why Johnny Can't Read** by Rudolf Flesch (G)
14. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
15. **Band of Angels** by Robert Penn Warren (F)
16. **A Man Called Peter** by Catherine Marshall (G)
17. **From My Experience** by Louis Bromfield (G)
18. **Tiger of the Snows** by Norgay Tenzing (G)
19. **The Great Man** by Al Morgan (F)
20. **The Left Hand of God** by William E. Barrett (F)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Louisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D.C.).

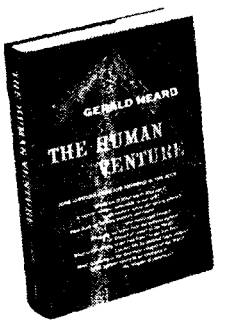
* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General



The case for true religious freedom

Freedom's Holy Light

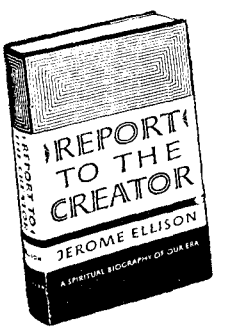
By MERRIMON CUNINGGIM. This stirring summation of the "focus for all the rest of freedom's elements" throws new light on a complex and often misunderstood subject. The historical background is fully covered, specific Supreme Court cases are discussed, the misused "separation" and the proper "disconnection" of church and state are explained. Here is a tonic book that clarifies a frequently clouded issue. $2.75



Can the imbalance between man's religious and scientific developments be adjusted?

The Human Venture

By GERALD HEARD. In his most important book to date Gerald Heard examines Western, Indian and Chinese cultures, and calls for an integration of the insights of each, so that man's inner development may cope with the power of destruction caused by technological advances. $4.00



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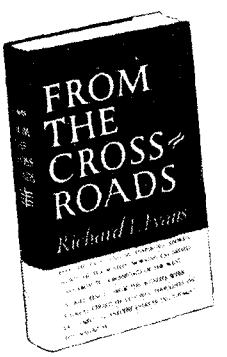

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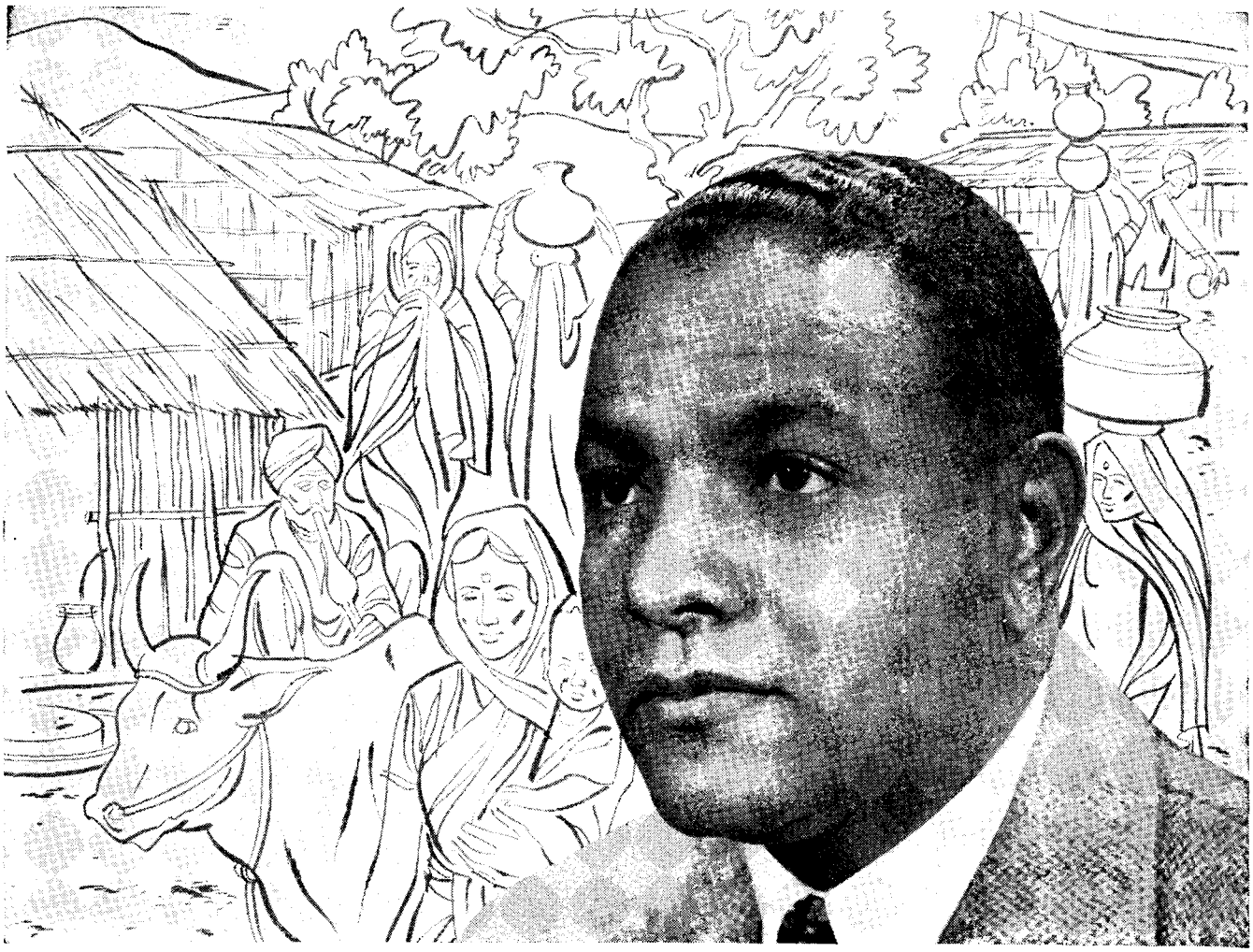

What makes a newspaper great?

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In color-conscious India, Rowan was made welcome in homes where no American had ever been, heard opinions never expressed to any white man. Visiting palaces and slums, filthy villages and new industrial developments, Rowan reported not only on the incredible dirt, poverty and over-population but the *effect* of these factors on the emerging new India. "This is India" is not a happy report. It's often disquieting, sometimes frightening, but is so important a journalistic achievement that to date it has been syndicated in 32 newspapers across the United States as well as in the Manila *Times* and the Hong Kong *Standard*. Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, honored this report as the best foreign correspondence in 1954.

Minneapolis Star and Tribune readers have come to expect a jolt from Carl Rowan's writings. His brilliant reporting on social and political problems—not only in India, but later in Southeast Asia, and then at the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung, Indonesia—has the added insight and authenticity which a Negro could give. In 1951, Rowan gained national recognition for his Minneapolis Tribune series, "How Far From Slavery", a hopeful statement on the changing conditions for Negroes in the South. For this he won the Sidney Hillman Foundation award for the nation's best newspaper reporting. Later, he won a Sigma Delta Chi award for his series "Jim Crow's Last Stand?", a deep-probing analysis of the five segregation cases then pending before the United States Supreme Court.

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 22, 1955

SCREENPLAYS, REAL AND UNREAL

In SR *Sept. 3 we printed Budd Schulberg's reasons for rewriting his taut screenplay "On the Waterfront" into a novel. The more common road is that traveled by Don Mankiewicz, who was called to Filmland to help convert his Harper Prizewinning novel "Trial" into a screenplay. Once there he had to cope with dollies and directors, tantrums and talent, in a creative war very different from that waged by the novelist against blank paper, eraser, pen, and wastebasket. For one man's idea of how Mankiewicz's enterprise sums up, now that the transformation to celluloid is complete,* *please turn to Hollis Alpert's review of "Trial" on page 30.*

By DON M. MANKIEWICZ

ON NOVEMBER 22, 1954, I arrived in Hollywood with the bound galleys under my arm of my then-unpublished novel, "Trial," motion-picture rights to which had just become the property of M-G-M. On April 22, 1955, I departed, taking with me only some extra cash and some mimeographed copies of "Trial: a Screenplay," bearing on their covers the legend: "From: Don Mankiewicz." (At M-G-M screenplays, treatments,* and the like are always *from*, rather than *by*, the writer. There are two theories as to why this is so: one holds it to be merely traditional, an atavistic holdover from the days when writers were held in extremely low esteem; the other, and most probably correct one, has to do with the legal fiction that the corporation, as the writer's employer, is legally the author. The use of *by* would therefore add a note of confusion to an otherwise admirably clear situation.)

It is my purpose here to set down some of what I learned about this matter of adapting a novel to the screen. "Trial" was my first screenplay—though I had previously written a few treatments—but I do not think this disqualifies me. On the contrary, older and more experienced writers whom I encountered during my stay in Hollywood were often quick to point out that they had forgotten more than I will ever know in this field. A man can hardly write about what he has forgotten.

To begin with, I must report that one folkway, a favorite of authors of "Hollywood novels," seems to have vanished. I refer to the traditional "waiting period" which is supposed to follow the writer's arrival in Hollywood—the interminable weeks in which he sits in his elegant office or wanders timidly through echoing hallways, not knowing what he is to do, not daring to ask. If it ever existed, the practice is a casualty of Hollywood's altered economics. I was a little disappointed. I had steeled myself for my prospective ordeal of idleness and had even, I hoped, adjusted my psyche so that I would be able to accept my paychecks during this period without the wrackings of conscience that seem to afflict fictitious writers who receive this treatment. At any event, I reported for work at 10 A.M. of a Monday morning and by noon I was at work. In a conference, to be exact.

At the risk of spoiling a literary device that has been a uranium mine for those who have worked it, I regret to say that a "Hollywood conference" is not unlike a "New York con-

*A treatment is an intermediate form, coming between the original work (or "property") and the screenplay. One of Hollywood's finest screenwriters once told me that in order to write a treatment it is necessary to imagine that the screenplay has been written and the picture produced and seen by a beauty-parlor operator who is now retelling the plot to her first customer the following morning. For this reason the ideal treatment should begin with the words: "You see, there's this prince."

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ference" or, for that matter, a Toledo, Ohio, conference. It is concerned with work to be done or in progress, and the participants are those who are going to do the work and those who are going to supervise it: in my case Charles Schnee—the producer—and myself.

Mr. Schnee struck me as (a) rather younger than one would expect a producer to be, and (b) physically resembling the writer-stereotype more closely than the producer-stereotype. I quickly discovered a ready explanation for this last. He is a writer-turned-producer, a figure not at all uncommon in the real-life Hollywood scheme of things though totally absent, so far as I can see, from its fictional counterpart.

In passing, I may remark that I encountered many producers while in Hollywood, eventually reaching the conclusion that there is no recognizable "producer-type." Except for a few whose visages are generally known, any one of them could appear as a contestant on "What's My Line?" secure in the knowledge that his appearance would give no clue to his occupation. It is also a puzzling truth that while producers in novels nearly always have names beginning with Z few real-life producers bear such cognomens.

A number of conferences then ensued, in the course of which it developed that Mr. Schnee had read "Trial," liked it as a novel, thought it would make a good picture, and had a number of ideas as to how it might be adapted. Some of these I considered sound and accepted gratefully. Others I resisted, winning some arguments, losing others. When the last conference ended I assured Mr. Schnee that I knew what a "one-liner" was, and set out to write one.

A "ONE-LINER," I discovered by borrowing several from the reading department and reading them quickly in the privacy of my office, is a detailed outline, broken down into perhaps thirty-five master scenes, of the material to be covered in the screenplay—*i.e.*, the substance of the conversations and the import of the actions, together with the backgrounds against which all this is to take place.

I wrote one and took it to Mr. Schnee, who pointed out to me quite courteously that what I had turned out would require some two weeks running-time to show in a theatre even if two scenes, which were to be played in total darkness, were eliminated (as indeed they would have to be, since the sight of a completely black screen is guaranteed to set an audience to handclapping and rude shouts).

I wrote another, and another, and—it gradually dawning on me that I was embarked on probably the most grandiose earn-while-you-learn program in industrial history—another.

Finally, a satisfactory one-liner having been evolved by a sort of cooperative effort, I passed on to the writing of the screenplay itself. It was here that I came to regret that the practice of "executive interference with the writer at work" has apparently lapsed into total disuse. The current procedure is to assume that the writer must know what he does and leave him alone. I knew what I was doing: I was learning what a screenplay is by morning and writing one by afternoon.

I had, of course, read screenplays; but I had read them as I had read stage plays and, for that matter, blueprints and medical prescriptions, with a view to the final effect, paying little attention to the means whereby the effect was to be achieved. Thus, in reading a screenplay, I had concentrated on:

SENTRY (*not unpleasantly*)
His ex-majesty, the king.

to the complete disregard of:

79X2—EXT, CASTLE GATE—
M.S. NIGHT (BOOM)

I had, moreover, the assurance of Niven Busch, in "The Writer's Book" (Harper, 1950), that "basically writing for the screen is a simple craft." According to Busch, who is both a novelist and a screenwriter of distinction, the novelist faced with the problem of describing, say, a battleship must work for weeks observing such craft, and for further weeks setting down and refining his observations, where the screenwriter has only to put down:

LONGSHOT—Destroyer
steaming through the waves

and the director, cameraman, and technical departments, with the help of the United States Navy, will do the rest.

No one can quarrel with the truth of this observation, and it is a buoying thought to the writer as he sets out on his screenplay, especially if it has to do with battleships. If it does not—and (I suspect) even if it does—he shortly (*i.e.*, on page one) comes across something like:

> David decided to stay, and, in the instant of deciding, knew that he had always meant to stay, that the possibility of walking out had never really existed.

Let the technical departments (with the help of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, if available) try that on their moviola.

The above passage translated into screenplay-form reads: David remains. And since "David remains" is taken for granted so long as lines for him appear without the qualifying "O.S." (for offscreen) even these two words must be omitted.

In short, on the screen no character

(*Continued on page* 33)

John Hancock

By Oliver Hale

JOHN HANCOCK dressed in silks and lace,
and kept a carriage with six bays;
he played at cards and liked to dance,
and had the gout by fortune's chance.
But when the fateful moment came,
he was the first to sign his name,
(a famous mark today), and said,
defiantly, "John Bull can read
that without spectacles, and may
double five hundred pounds for my
reward . . .," then added, "we must all
hang together." "Yes . . . or we shall
assuredly hang separately,"
Ben Franklin emphasized, as he
observed John Hancock write, and then
Josiah Bartlett take the pen
and for New Hampshire sign his name:
and after him the others came.

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The Adventures of Johnny Flashback

(With full apologies to Hamilton Basso, John Brooks, and John P. Marquand, Jr.)

By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

THE OFFICES of White Elephants, Inc. were a light gray with yellow-and-black curtains and reproductions of Matisse and Braque. The air hummed faintly with the pulse of muted typewriters. As I slipped furtively past the blonde receptionist her greeting eye shifted silently to the clock on the wall with discs for numbers. I had barely had time to spread my mail over my desk to create the appearance of an hour's confusion when Miss Nyack, pencil in mouth, appeared in the doorway. She looked at me for a moment, smiled, shrugged, and turned away.

"He wants you," she threw at me over her shoulder. "You. Now."

You could always tell how you were doing at White Elephants, Inc. by the way in which Mr. Noyse sent for you. Such things might have seemed trivial to a casual observer, but to those who knew they were barometers of success or failure. Sending Miss Nyack to get you instead of telephoning himself usually meant that Mr. Noyse was pleased with your progress and wanted to display his pleasure, unless, of course, it meant that your extension had been busy. I made my way now with a controlled leisureliness to his office, stopping on the way to drink a lily-cup of water. It did not pay to seem too anxious.

Mr. Noyse had a bland, round, smooth, pink face. He had more success, evidently, than I with the electric shaver that he had recently acquired and to the use of which I had shifted when he mentioned his purchase.

"I've got a mission for you, Flashback," he started right out. "What do you say to a jaunt up to Maine? An Elizabethan manor house, on the sea, no central heating. Too big for the current summer trade and too far north for Father Divine."

I knew, of course, that he hardly expected a ready answer. If I had said, yes, I was dying to go to Maine, on a cold, damp, drizzly March day, I'd have been branded forever as a toady. One had to josh him a bit, to pretend, at least, that we were both being human beings and then to give in gracefully with just a touch of wry humor to show that one knew the world and one's own place in it.

"You don't happen to have a spot on Miami?" I joshed him. "A thirty-room villa on the beach with a blonde widow?" I laughed agreeably. "And speaking of Miami, Chief, makes me think of that splendid turnover we pulled last year on the Dunbar house."

The Dunbar deal had been handled personally by Mr. Noyse. My use of the "we" was nonetheless intentional. It never paid to be heavy-handed with compliments.

But Mr. Noyse, it seemed, was not in a mood to be joshed.

"I don't know why it is, Flashback," he said testily, "that I never seem to be able to keep you on a subject. Besides, you need a shave."

Well, there you were. There was always the unpredictable in human relations. It made the game worth the candle.

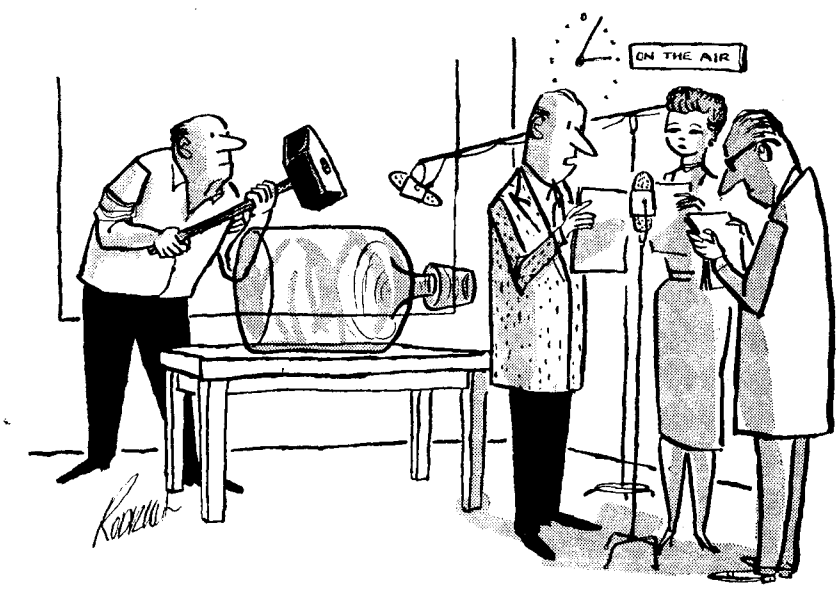
"You can get the details from Miss Nyack," he continued. "I want you to take the night train to Pryde. It's the old Pryde place on Pryde's Rock. Ever hear of it?"

Pryde's Rock! Had I ever heard of it? So many strands of memory, enmeshed and reenmeshed, began suddenly to unmesh that I had a sense of giddiness. Here was I, Johnnie Flashback, standing in the office of Henry P. Noyse of White Elephants, Inc., staring at the colored lithograph of San Simeon behind his bald head, and he was asking *me* if *I* had ever heard of Pryde's Rock! Just as if it was nothing in the whole wide world to him or to me, just as if I had not dragged myself from Pryde fifteen years before, turning my flushed face southwards, bearing a heart too wounded to be able to contemplate its own damage.

"I take it you don't," he went on, turning around on his swivel chair to face the window. "Well, it's a small summer resort off the northern coast of Maine—"

IN A flash I was carried back on a wave as deeply blue as the summer Atlantic to an umbrella table on the emerald lawn of the old Swimming Club by the chlorinated gray of the pool. Sitting with Lorna Pryde of Pryde's Rock and Billions Barnes, as they laughed and chaffed each other about a dance that I hadn't been asked to. There was no reason, of course, that I should have been. Lorna and Billions fitted into the social world of Pryde with the ease of matching volumes in a standard set, while my mother, on the other hand, could only earn the money for my tennis lessons by picking up the wet, soggy bathing suits in the Club locker-rooms and handing out the dry towels. ("They were just snobs, that Lorna and Billions," my wife, Lucy, used to tell me years later. But she was wrong. One

(*Continued on page* 36)



"You wouldn't strike a man with glasses, would you?"

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THE AUTHOR: Some years ago—1937, to be exact—Richard Hofstadter made a discovery which had a profound impression on him: law put him to sleep, history kept him wide awake. So, rubbing his eyes open, Hofstadter, then a twenty-one-year-old A.B. from the University of Buffalo, quit the New York Law School after only one semester and boarded the uptown subway to Columbia, where there were lots and lots of history courses of all kinds. He impatiently enrolled in a batch of them. By 1942 he had completed his thesis—"Social Darwinism in American Thought," which was subsequently published as a book—and received his Ph.D. Dr. Hofstadter then went to the University of Maryland, where he taught from 1942 until 1946, and then returned to Columbia, where he has been ever since. He began as an assistant professor and worked his way up to a full professor. Professor Hofstadter teaches both at Columbia College—his course is "America in the Age of de Tocqueville"—and in the graduate school—he gives masters' and doctors' seminars. Between classes Hofstadter seldom stops writing. In addition to "The Age of Reform," he has another book coming out this month—"The Development of Academic Freedom in the United States." It was written in collaboration with Walter P. Metzger, a colleague of his in the history department. In his spare moments he writes articles and book reviews for magazines. As the fall term got underway at Morningside Heights the other day Hofstadter took time out to say, "What I have been interested in for a long time is writing about American political history, not so much in terms of parties, campaigns, and that sort of thing, but in terms of the underlying ideas behind American politics and the public moods." His students find him "stimulating," "challenging," and "a hard marker." Hofstadter, questioned about the terrible accusation that he did not hand out A's left and right, whispered with a chuckle, "Yes, I think I do have a reputation for being a little rough."

—BERNARD KALB.

AMERICANA

Politics in Pattern

"The Age of Reform: From Bryan to F.D.R.," by Richard Hofstadter *(Alfred A. Knopf. 328 pp. $4.50), is a study of American political thought in this century. Professor John D. Hicks of the University of California, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Populist Revolt," which has recently been reissued.*

By John D. Hicks

"THE UNITED STATES was born in the country and has moved to the city." So, in the opening sentence of his book "The Age of Reform: From Bryan to F.D.R.," Richard Hofstadter epitomizes the whole course of American history. The span of his volume, however, embraces only the years during and after which the move takes place, and he centers his interest primarily upon the changing pattern of political reform that the period produced. This new work continues its author's illuminating contributions to the history of American thought, building particularly upon those included in his study of "The American Political Tradition" (1948), which covered in part much the same period as the book under review, but with more emphasis upon a few outstanding leaders, and less upon the numerous minor individuals whose thinking also affected the course of events.

Populism, broadly defined, first claims Mr. Hofstadter's attention. During the Populist era the United States had not yet moved to the city, although it was certainly on its way. For the country millions the "agrarian myth," that the small free farmers were the backbone of the nation and that honest people beheld the city only to weep over it, was in full ascendancy. Gouged at every turn, or at least so they believed, by trusts and monopolies, by bankers and middlemen, by railroads and land sharks, the Populists sought vainly for reforms that would somehow "arrest the alarming tendencies of our times," and restore the real or fancied opportunities of yesteryear. Helpless as individuals, they tried through political organization to unite the agricultural interest in self-defense, but with goals impossible of attainment the

—From "The American Past."

"Willie" McKinley as the trusts' little boy, with T. R. as his new playmate (1900).

third party they formed fell an easy victim to the panacea of free silver. Eventually the forces of agriculture, although a steadily diminishing proportion of the total population, succeeded as pressure groups in obtaining very special consideration indeed. By using the methods of their adversaries and sometimes even their adversaries ("if you can't lick 'em join 'em) they got the relief they desired, although in a sense this meant that they had fallen victims to "the devouring jaws of industrial America."

MR. HOFSTADTER is at his best in dealing with Progressivism, the second general reform movement he studies. By this time the United States had moved to the city, and the crackpots who had misled the Populists had given way to thoughtful urbanites: the political descendants of the Mugwumps; the professional classes who had lost status in comparison with the "big rich" of the industrial era; middle-class salaried men and merchants who in an age of mild inflation felt keenly the economic strain; humanitarians who were deeply moved by the sins of society. Like the Populists before them, the Progressives frequently sought to turn back the clock, to destroy monopoly, to restore the good old days. But some of them caught the vision of an impartial Government, representing the whole people and not merely some dominant

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economic interest, using its power to regulate and control the great monopolistic businesses of the new age. This was not exactly a new idea, for both the Grangers and the Populists had at least glimpsed it, but the Progressives made some progress with it and thought they saw in it great possibilities for the future.

More or less as an afterthought, Mr. Hofstadter also undertakes to discuss a third reform movement, the New Deal. Unlike most writers on the subject, he minimizes the contributions of Populism and Progressivism to the New Deal philosophy, ascribing to the former "some aspects of the cranky pseudo-conservatism of our time," and to the latter a tradition that "has turned sour, become illiberal and ill-tempered." The New Deal, he seems to hold, grew mainly out of the necessities of the time and an orgy of experimentation. His findings at this point will probably provoke criticism, and they certainly must bear close scrutiny. Curiously, throughout the book the author has little to say on labor and Socialistic thought, or on the impact of European ideas upon America. It may be that at least a considerable part of our recent thinking on reform was born in Europe, emigrated to America, and after a stern naturalization process contributed mightily to the native stream.

This is a delightfully refreshing book. By concentrating upon what reformers thought rather than upon their political antics Hofstadter has made a unique and valuable contribution.

Braggadoccio in Building

"Architecture, Ambition, and Americans," by Wayne Andrews *(Harper. 315 pp. $7.50), is a history of American taste as reflected in its buildings. Professor Rexford Newcomb of the University of Illinois, who reviews it below, is the author of "Architecture of the Old Northwest Territory."*

By Rexford Newcomb

IT IS always promising of fruitful results when an author equates socio-economic history with architecture. This Wayne Andrews does in a highly successful manner in his illuminating "Architecture, Ambition, and Americans." This approach is characteristic of Mr. Andrews, who holds that there is a highly significant relationship between economics and artistic expression. In fact, he says that down "until 1913, when the Sixteenth Amendment made the income tax a mainstay of our Government, the most vital architecture was usually found in areas where the most new money was being made and spent." With this as his thesis the author proceeds to investigate the important architectural centers in the South, along the Atlantic seaboard, in late nineteenth-century Chicago, and more currently upon the West Coast, which he holds "has become the architectural center not only of the United States but of the world."

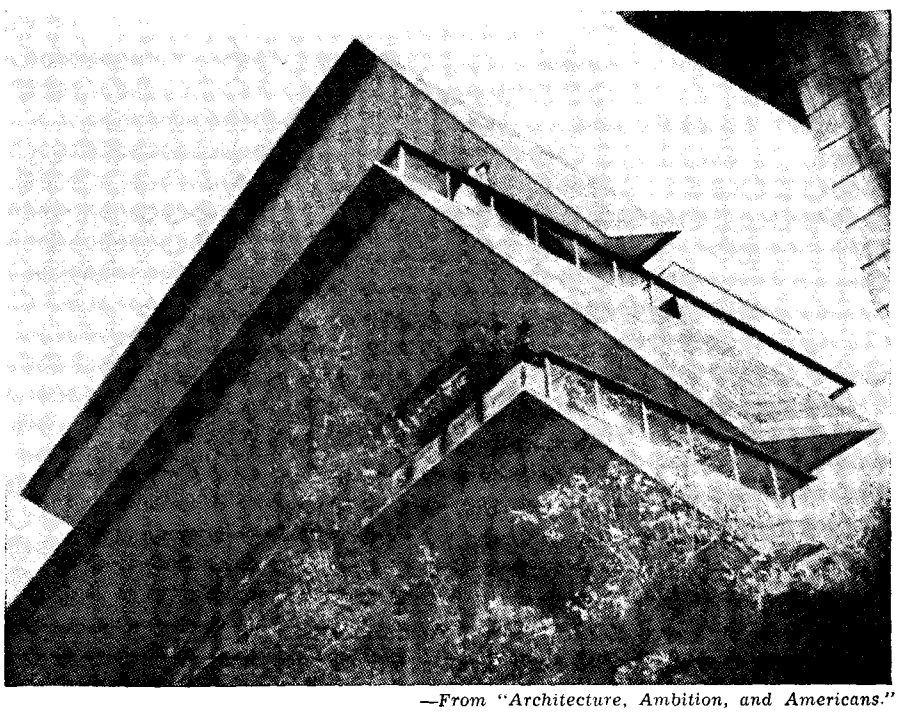
This is not a history of American building in the ordinary sense but rather a discussion of "architecture as a fine art—a book about taste." Therefore, the author makes an effort to discover "*who* built *what* and *why*." He holds that architectural history is only half told when the neatest analysis is made of the designs under discussion. Mr. Andrews is not concerned with the common denominator of American architecture but rather with the "extraordinary buildings—those that were the last word in their time and place," and that "in an English-speaking environment." Thus, he pays little attention to the Spanish Colonial, Pennsylvania German, Dutch, or French Colonial architecture, once current in parts of our country.

Mr. Andrews begins his survey with an analysis of taste in Virginia, nominating Bacon's Castle as the "first example of taste in the colonies," displaying "the owner's yearning to brag in brick of his rise in the world." He traces carefully the correspondence between the winning of fortunes from tobacco, rice, indigo, and cotton and noble architecture as one goes south from Virginia to Charleston. All the old masters are here—Carter's Grove, Shirley, Roswell, Stratford, Westover, Mt. Airy, Mt. Vernon, and the buildings at Williamsburg.

The struggle between New England Puritanism and taste is outlined and it is shown how, in spite of Puritan and Quaker inhibitions, architecture flourished in Salem, Boston, Newport, Germantown, New York, and Philadelphia. Mr. Andrews concludes that "the fate of taste in America, from the Revolution down to our time, has hung on the outcome of the battle between the Puritans and the hedonists. . . ."

Under the Federal Period, 1790-1820, the building of Washington, D.C. and the works and significance of L'Enfant, Hoban, Hallet, Hadfield, Jefferson, Thornton, Latrobe, Jay, Mills, Mangin, and Rameé are reviewed.

With the flowering of romanticism —classic or Gothic—we sense the rise of the eclectic who could design in



—*From "Architecture, Ambition, and Americans."*

Weston Havens home, Berkeley, Calif. (1941)—". . . '*who* built *what* and *why*'."

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Greek with one hand, in Gothic with the other. Andrew Jackson Downing, arbiter of taste, and Alexander Jackson Davis, the fashionable architect, loom foremost during this era. Gothic cottages, castles, and churches, Italian villas, and Greek mansions form the popular architectural embodiment of the romantic movement. The works of Richard Upjohn and James Renwick crown this movement.

BUT the seeds of modernism were germinating as early as 1848 in the cast-iron Borgardus factory in New York and received formal attention ten years later in the paper on cast iron by Henry Van Brunt, read before the newly organized American Institute of Architects. Already in 1833 the system of balloon wooden frame construction had been invented in the rapidly growing Chicago. But Chicago was to take a further important place in the modern movement and the story of that development Andrews treats in a full chapter. Meanwhile the triumphs of Hunt, Richardson, McKim, Mead and White, Carrère and Hastings, Charles A. Platt, and other creators of the "age of elegance" are likewise fully discussed.

In his chapter on "Modern Times" the author points out that the battle of today no longer hinges upon traditionalism *vs.* modernism but upon what sort of modernism to promote. He divides architects into two groups whom he calls the Veblenites and the Jacobites—one group reflecting the economic pronouncements of Thorstein Veblen, the other group reflecting the philosophy of William James. The Veblenites, of whom Walter Gropius is typical, are "cool, impersonal, anti-individualistic, dogmatic, absolutist, worshipers of the machine and modern materials." The Jacobites, of whom Frank Lloyd Wright is typical, are "warm, personal, individualistic, casual, pragmatic, willing to take the machine for granted, and more concerned with the texture of materials than with their modernity." He covers the works of each group, concluding with the present developments on the West Coast. The author makes it clear that he stands with the Jacobites and holds with the doctrine that "a house must be designed by an individual for an individual."

The book is logically arranged, well written, and appropriately illustrated, mostly with photographs by the author. It will prove profitable and fascinating reading for anyone interested in the past or the whitherward of American architecture.

—*From "Taming the Forty-Niner."*

The Bar of a Gambling Saloon—"slow but inevitable changes."

Domesticating El Dorado

"Taming the Forty-Niner," by Elisabeth Margo *(Rinehart. 245 pp. $3.75), is an account of how the California gold towns became tranquilized with the arrival of women and other bearers of civilization. Oscar Lewis, our reviewer, recently published a book called "The Town That Died Laughing: The Story of Austin, Nevada."*

By Oscar Lewis

CALIFORNIA's gold rush has long had the distinction of being one of the best documented mass movements in history. The reason for this is fairly obvious. From the beginning it was looked on as a highly romantic adventure and few who took part in it failed to recognize that it was a memorable experience, one that would permanently set them apart from the stay-at-homes. The result was that practically all those who set off for the new El Dorado carried with them, along with the implements for washing the treasure from the Sierra streams, the materials needed to make a permanent record of their impressions.

Moreover, the average Forty-Niner proved to be an uncommonly industrious diary-keeper, at least during the earlier stages of his adventure. Whether he made the months-long journey by sea or came across the plains, he rarely failed to set down a record of each day's happenings. To be sure, after he reached the diggings and came face to face with the realities of mining life his entries became ever briefer and in most cases ceased entirely. Nonetheless, the contemporary record of life in the gold towns and camps is by no means meager, for the typical Argonaut was a young man and this was his first extended absence from home. The result was that he wrote frequent long letters to family and friends, partly to ease his homesickness and get news of loved ones, and partly to acquaint them with the manner of life he was living in the gold fields.

It is mainly from these abundant sources—namely the letters and diaries of the Forty-Niners—that Elisabeth Margo has drawn the materials for her book, "Taming the Forty-Niner." It was an excellent choice, for her narrative thereby becomes one in which the personal element is ever stressed, so that one sees the gold rush almost exclusively in terms of the individuals who took part in it: their work and play, their periods of excitement and boredom, the various means by which, each in his own way, they adjusted themselves to the completely alien environment into which they had been thrust.

TO BE sure, the author has a theme, one that she develops throughout. This, as the book's title indicates, has

(*Continued on page* 41)

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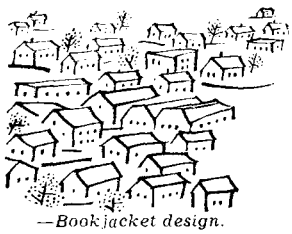
FICTION

The Wages of Separation



—Book jacket design.

"Episode in the Transvaal," by Harry Bloom *(Doubleday. 295 pp. $3.95), is a story of fearful events on a location, that part of every South African town which is set aside for laborers, domestics, and factory workers. It is reviewed below by Alan Paton, author of "Cry, the Beloved Country."*

By Alan Paton

HARRY BLOOM'S story "Episode in the Transvaal" goes to join, and at a high level, the growing number of good and significant South African novels in English. This novel was originally called "The Location," and the location is that part of every South African town which is set aside for the African people, for the laborers and domestic servants and factory workers, and a handful of priests and clerks and teachers.

The location is utterly apart from the white town. It is often squalid and unkempt. It has more than its share of thieves and loafers and worse. It is the home of those people whose labor keeps white homes comfortable and white factories prosperous, but from whom nothing more than labor and obedience is expected or desired. Because of this rejection, and because of the squalidness and poverty of the location, it is often a reproach to the white people. While therefore it is forgotten, it is always in mind. It is separate but ever present. It accuses and therefore is hated.

It is this frightening separateness, so absolute and so destructive, that is the theme of "Episode in the Transvaal," a story which, though it is Mr. Bloom's first, is told with an economy of language and emotion that canalizes its power.

HENDRIK DU TOIT is the new manager of the Nelstroom Location. He is hard-working and conscientious, and slowly improves the location, especially in matters of administration. But his apparent achievement of order and tranquility is utterly destroyed by a series of terrible events.

It begins trivially enough. An African washerwoman, rebuked by a white housewife for the loss of a collar, takes the washing back to the river and throws it in, for which she is arrested. The white housewife and her husband go to the location to recover the washing, and their car is stoned. The washerwoman's husband flees in fright and is shot dead by the police.

The whole location is stirred by these events, and, as often happens, it is the *tsotsis*, the thieves and loafers and worse, who begin to take control. But before they succeed in this the whole location is calmed by a leader named Mabaso, and a new but uneasy day dawns. Du Toit, his newfound security rudely shaken, now orders that all women must carry letters of identification, and announces this at a public meeting in the location. The crowd is restive, and one of his African location constables strikes a woman who falls in a fit. The crowd surges forward and du Toit runs for his office. The office is stoned and his car is burned. The police arrive and two women are killed. Pressed beyond endurance by the police, du Toit names as the destroyer of his car a certain Sarah Manyana, who in fact at the time was attending a church gathering elsewhere; he also names many others as having taken part in the disturbances.

The police set out to make their arrests. Mr. Bloom describes the terrible events that ensue—the killings, the rapings, the riots—with great narrative skill. Du Toit remains at home, a broken, humiliated, bewildered man. "What was there about the location that made it become like a vicious poisonous animal, ready to turn on everyone, friend and enemy alike?" The white newspaper reports shock him by their partiality, and he decides to repudiate them. He agonizes and vacillates, and in the end repudiates nothing and signs everything. Like a man in a dream, he returns to the location, beholds a fearful scene, and drives off in a panic. He goes home and says to his wife, "Let's start packing."

This is a brutal tale, told without brutality. It judges without censoriousness. Mr. Bloom sees clearly that ultimately the location is a denial of man; and Mr. du Toit comes very near to seeing it, but has no will to challenge the whole pattern of his country's life. It is the location itself which is the real character of the book, and Mr. Bloom portrays it with a fidelity and skill that command my admiration. His story never happened, yet every word of it is true.

"I'm not sure I altogether approve of the American fashion in tea-shirts!"

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"One Woman's Meat"

***"The Best American Short Stories 1955," edited by Martha Foley** (Houghton Mifflin. 404 pp. $4), is the latest in a long-established series.*

By James Kelly

CARRYING on the institution begun by Edward J. O'Brien forty years ago, Martha Foley now presents her fourteenth annual selection of the "best" American short stories. And the questions before us are simple: Do the twenty-four stories (not counting an added starter by Caroline Gordon which never got beyond a listing on the back of the gay-hued jacket) live up to their billing as "The Best American Short Stories 1955"? Can we accept the coverage of fifteen entries from campus and lit'r'y periodicals, eight from class-mass magazines (including three from *The New Yorker*), and one from a postwar "literary magazine" disguised as a paperback book?

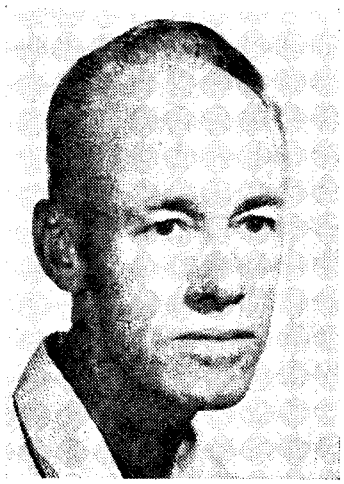
Presented respectfully, here are a few hints from here and there. *Item*: These stories cover the year 1954, not 1955—which is still with us. *Item*: Other best-of-the-year collections are also published, with almost no duplications. They can't all be "best," can they? As a matter of fact, the reader may remember stories of 1954 which strike him as better. *Item*: The selections at hand are not editor Foley's first choice, either. In her foreword, she states that her first list contained too many stories about children or aged persons and therefore "did not seem right." So she made up another list and gave us that one. *Item*: Despite editorial protestations to the contrary, selections like this do not permit humility or allow for differences in human taste. Clifton Fadiman comes to mind as one anthologist who successfully tried the unpretentious approach of "Reading I've Liked." No argument here.

TURNING the 385 pages between fore-notes and after-notes on authors, lists of distinctive short stories 1954, volumes of short stories 1954, honor roll of American authors 1955, and places to sell short stories, one quickly ranges from the superb to the self-conscious. Here are remembered rueful adults, mischievous youngsters, romantic adolescents, and postured expatriates, playing their parts straight against the background of suburbs, South, West, Paris, war, campus. Nothing experimental or breathtaking, just ingenuity and social perception applied to incidents which are for the most part suspensefully organized.

Having read it, nobody will forget John Cheever's "The Country Husband," about a man who comes home from a turbulent business trip to a turbulent household and falls squarely into the trap of surreptitious middle-aged romance with a young sitter. One can agree that Cheever is our master chronicler of citydom, commuterdom, and the neurotic fatigue which unites us all. Equally fine is "Herman's Day," by Harvey Swados, a true penetration into the mind, ambition, greed, and illicit impulses of a little World War II profiteer during the course of one day. Completing a trio of highlights from the book would be "The Decline and Fall of Augie Sheean," by Joe Coogan, which steps back among the Philadelphia brownstones and the wild Irish society which can tangle the feet of a boy with a skittish ambition to be a priest.

Reaching down a little, there is a septet which shines through with professional effectiveness. Flannery O'Connor and her violent story about three lawless urchins who start a reign of terror during a farm visit; Daniel Curley's right-sounding conversational piece about a janitor and an office girl who come together under the auspices of liquor and the Staten Island Ferry; Robert O. Bowen's almost unbearably hard portrait of a war-ruined man who lives under sentence of death; Mac Hyman, serving as fully accredited reporter for the adventures of a Southern family during a wild Saturday spree in town; Irwin Shaw, with a slickly plotted, extremely well-articulated story of an American ex-flier in Paris who turns down a smuggling chance and wishes he had not; Bernard Malamud, and the inspiration of his story about a rabbinical student who calls upon the devious services of a marriage broker, with O. Henry ending; Marvin Mudrick's account, handled knowingly and in very bad taste, of a roistering poet (initials have to be D.T.) who comes to a campus for a lecture and shocks the *sec*-heads out of their pretenses; George Vukelich and his honest, powerful glimpse of strong men protecting their dignity in slaughterhouse society.

Other names such as Eudora Welty, Oliver La Farge, Wallace Stegner, and Mark Van Doren are present but not accounted for. Most readers will take away, finally, the idea that one woman's meat may be another's p——n. Also the haunting question: What in the world became of Caroline Gordon?



—*Harley Ferguson.*

Evan Brandon—"individualistic voice."

Heroic Hamlet

***"Green Pond," by Evan Brandon** (Vanguard. 506 pp. $4.75), a first novel of epical proportions, is the story of a North Carolina town from post-Civil War times through World War II.*

By William Peden

"GREEN POND" is an amazing novel, a massive, uneven epic which depicts the growth of a small town in the "red land of the North Carolina watershed" from the years following the Civil War through World War II. It is the first published work of a North Carolinian whose ancestors have lived, since before the American Revolution, on the land which Evan Brandon so painstakingly and so knowingly recreates in "Green Pond." The book is obviously a labor of love, and conviction, and belief; one hardly needs to be told that it was twenty years in conception, twelve in writing, and an additional five in revising for publication. "Green Pond" is a kind of Southern "Raintree County," with echoes of Thomas Wolfe and William Faulkner mingling into the roar of Mr. Brandon's unmistakably individualistic voice; it is a tumultuous, passionate, and torrential piece of fiction.

Old Doc Thornwell is the major actor in this drama of living and dying. He dominates the scene like an Old Testament patriarch ("Pop was sumpin like right out of the Bible," reflects his favorite son). A whiskey-loving, female-loving, "Gawd"-loving pantheist, he spreads the doctrine that the Lawd "did *His* work all right, but

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somewhere along the way man has made a hell of a mess of it" as freely as he scatters his illegitimate children, black, yellow, and white. He is a dedicated one-hoss doctor, a great human being. Some of his big scenes—as a young man burying the just-delivered body of one of his bastards, as an ancient walking naked through the mists and communing with his Gawd—are real and moving, and bear on them the touch of greatness. But Old Doc, like the novel he dominates, is a curious mixture of the real and the unreal: he is also a fraud and a leather-lunged windbag. I can never believe in him completely; I can accept him as a human being about 50 per cent of the time.

Herein lies the major weakness of Mr. Brandon's novel: the characters are credible up to a certain point only. Young Doc, for example, the consecrated modern surgeon, is a case in point. At times he is as real as rain, as compelling as hunger. At other times he is just one more long-winded spouter of rhetoric in the Byronic tradition. Similarly Jezebel, who wants Young Doc the way a cat wants catnip but marries instead a wealthy, well-born "toad"; Young Doc's brother, who becomes a mealy-mouthed

hypocrite of a "fashionable" minister; their light-fingered mother; and many others. Even Mr. Brandon's magnificent Negroes say, think, and do things so incongruous as to shatter the illusion of reality; witness Mama Amazon's "Lawd, I's just ugly enough to be good-lookin, built lak a Persian mare, and once I plunges into that church with my thighs encased in this pink taffeta, people's eyes gonna pop." In the words of Young Doc when Jezebel, spread out like a bowl of overripe fruit upon her opulent couch, insists that he take her: "This was beyond belief."

What a dedicated, creative editor like the late Maxwell Perkins might have done with Mr. Brandon's manuscript is interesting to speculate. I think the result might have been a great novel. For there is some greatness in "Green Pond," and much goodness. But it is frequently overwhelmed by bombast, repetition, and artificiality. One can only hope that Mr. Brandon will not stop here.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEARE AS A ONE-TIMER

Please find below an assortment of Shakespearean quotations each of which contains a word that the playwright used only once in all his plays. You are asked to identify, in each instance, the word, the play, and the speaker. Scoring is in abeyance this week—let your conscience be your guide, and park as long as you want. Answers on page 22.

1. "The play, I remember, pleased not the multitude: 'twas caviare to the general."
2. "This my hand would rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red."
3. "And I have heard, Apollodorus carried
A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress."
4. "It shall be full of poise and difficult weight
And fearful to be granted."
5. "Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge."
6. "I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star."
7. "Four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun."
8. "She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor."
9. "Thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill."
10. "I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle."

Notes

CRAZY, MIXED-UP WORLD: In **"Cards of Identity"** (Vanguard, $3.75), Nigel Dennis sets out to satirize a sizable hunk of contemporary chaos. "One comes home with the keys and finds that all the locks have been changed," complains a character in search of solidity. "All the initials have gone from inside the bowler hats. All the value's gone out of the currency. There's no meaning in the church bells, no punch left in the hyphens of surnames. . . . If I don't get an identity soon I shall start looking as helpless and vacant as everyone else." Mr. Dennis obligingly tries to fill this vacancy and others by means of a spiritual *Turnverein* called the Identity Club, which provides characters for its faceless members. The Identity Club meets for its periodic soiree at Hyde's Mortimer, a present-day Crotchet Castle (staffed by locals who have been mesmerized into assuming the identities of servants who work without pay).

With the stage thus set for a round of caustic hi-jinks, "Cards of Identity" proceeds to topple in all directions. The club members read papers lampooning all manner of things —but the wit in these lengthy perorations is too labored and too meager to excuse the stalemate they inflict on the novel. A Shakespearean masque of overwhelming dullness is performed, in the course of which the club's president is realistically done in. The law arrives and the members slither off to reassemble their plastic facades. (Maybe in Jekyll's Mortimer?)

The biggest question mark in this melange of missing personalities is the precise identity of the submerged author himself. When the last schizophrenic has flown Hyde's Mortimer Mr. Dennis's own point of view is still the Identity Club's best kept secret. —MARTIN LEVIN.

GROWING UP IN MICHIGAN: Stories about the growing pains of American adolescent boys are not uncommon, but they have often been uncommonly well written. Richard Erno, in a first novel called **"My Old Man"** (Crown, $3), doesn't measure up to Twain or Hemingway or Sherwood Anderson, but, though he owes a bow of acknowledgment to all three of the above-named, he has obviously told his own story, or his own version of a universal one, and he has brought an honesty of feeling to many of his scenes which makes them ring very true.

Set in a small town in Michigan in

(*Continued on page 39*)

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Creative Thaw in Russia

***"The Thaw," by Ilya Ehrenburg** (translated by Manya Harari. Henry Regnery. 230 pp. $3.50), the latest novel of Soviet Russia's best-known writer, provides Professor Ernest J. Simmons of Columbia University's Russian Institute with an occasion to discuss the new turnings of the USSR's official policy towards the arts.*

By Ernest J. Simmons

IN THE case of Ilya Ehrenburg's "The Thaw" we have a perhaps unique instance of a novel to which the publisher has added at the end a lengthy supplement concerning the work and related matters. And the procedure becomes more mystifying, at least from the publisher's point of view, when we read in the supplement, contributed by Russell Kirk: "This novel is so overpoweringly dull and formless, so flatly and falteringly written, so deficient in analysis and description of its characters, that it seems like one subtle burlesque of letters in modern Russia." The mystery is somewhat clarified, however, when we reflect that "The Thaw" is a novel by a Soviet author and that this translation of it is appearing in the United States in 1955.

The quoted judgment of Mr. Kirk seems a bit harsh. The novel is not "overpoweringly dull"; it might be more charitable to say that there is an amiable dulness about certain sections of it but that the rest sustains interest. There are at least three characters that are pretty well realized (Volodya Pukhov, his father, and Lena), and the style is not exactly flat—it has more verve in the original Russian. However, the novel is formless, and the whole gives the impression of having been written in considerable haste.

Ehrenburg is more of a journalist than a novelist. Among his Soviet rivals he lacks the profound engagement with life that so wonderfully dignifies the best fiction of Mikhail Sholokhov, nor has he anything of the sensitivity and feeling for human character of Konstantin Fedin, or the psychological density and brilliant language of Leonid Leonov, though at times he is capable of a witty, effective style in fiction. "The Thaw" cannot be compared with the often amusing and competent early tales of Ehrenburg, and it is even inferior to his war and postwar novels, such as "The Fall of Paris," "The Storm," and "The Ninth Wave."

Yet "The Thaw" deserves the attention of American readers, for it has become an historical document in the extensive postwar protest against the extremes of Communist Party dictation in the arts. Contrary to Mr. Kirk's view, this protest was not initiated by Stalin's death, though it was very much accelerated by that event.

It began, in a timid fashion to be sure, two or three years after the 1946 decree of the Central Committee of the Party on literature, a decree which was officially interpreted shortly thereafter, in a speech by the late Andrei Zhdanov, as demanding a literature that would "further the fulfilment of construction and rehabilitation plans . . . promote the development of our country's national economy," and be written in accordance with the Leninist principle of *partiinost'* ("Party spirit" or "conformity to Party dictates").

The result, of course, was a literature of hopeless sterility—"industrial" and "agricultural" fiction, drama, and poetry. The heroes and heroines were Communist supermen and superwomen, with about as much individuality as a row of telephone poles. The plots invariably involved a conflict between the positive hero's fresh ideas on production and the backwardness or "bourgeois survivals" of negative characters, and the resolution of the struggle was nearly always aided by an all-wise district secretary of the Party. The hero fulfilled his personality by completely identifying himself with society in the joy of collective labor. The Soviet reality portrayed was largely an embellished or idealized one, for Socialist realism justifies a presentation of life in the Soviet Union not as it is, but as it should be or must be—the Utopia of the Communist future.

CRITICISM of "Zhdanovism" in literature, tempered by fear and often taking the form of a "criticism of silence" on the part of some famous authors, gradually mounted. The repressive censorship tactics of editors of magazines and publishing firms and of the government Committee on the Affairs of Arts were particularly singled out for attack. After Stalin's death in March 1953 this criticism was intensified and a new note was introduced which demanded that literature be humanized, that love and family life and not the need of crop rotation or the operations of the Bessemer steel process should become the themes of novels and plays. The protest reached its height at the end of 1953 with the publication of two long and remarkable critical articles.

The first was by Ehrenburg, who stressed the artist's need for creative freedom, for the right to select his own subjects and write about them as he pleased. "Is it possible," he pointedly asks, "that there exists a writer so impersonal and so indifferent to everything that one must tell him what to write about?" The second article, "Sincerity in Literature," by Vladimir Pomerantsev, insisted that sincerity must be the test by which a literary work should be judged and not ideological reliability or political loyalty.

It is in the light of this whole postwar period of protest against a literature of hypocrisy and artistic stagnation that the historical significance, if not the esthetic appeal, of "The Thaw," which first appeared in a magazine in the spring of 1954, must be appraised. Actually it had been preceded, by a few months, by Vera Panova's "Seasons of the Year," which, like Ehrenburg's novel, was fiercely attacked by the official critics because it also attempted to describe simple Soviet life and people with a minimum of embellishment. "The Thaw" differs in one major respect—it deliberately singles out the Party's

Ilya Ehrenburg—"spirit of dissent."

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interference in art, which had contributed so much to the postwar debacle in Soviet literature, for scathing criticism and satire.

"THE THAW" is a series of sketches of people living in a provincial Volga town and drawn from what might be called the Soviet "middle class"—factory officials, engineers, doctors, artists, teachers, and students. In their relations with one another we discover no stereotype positive hero or heroine, no romantically glorified feats of labor, and no omniscient Party secretary to play the *deus ex machina* at the end. They are not particularly happy people and their dissatisfaction seems somehow connected with the realities of Soviet life reflected in this novel and rarely anywhere else in postwar Soviet fiction—its drabness, bureaucratic injustices, the slowness with which wrongs are righted, and the constant sense of fear fed by the repressing acts of police and Party. Engineer Koroteyev remarks darkly: "We have taken a lot of trouble over half of the human being, but the other half is neglected. The result is that one half of the house is a slum."

The artists in the novel resemble, however faintly, the lonely individualists of contemporary fiction in the West; they are alienated from society. This is especially true of Volodya Pukhov, a painter who has prostituted his talent to the Party demands in art and yet cynically laughs over the official praise accorded his pot-boiling efforts. He secretly envies the highly gifted Saburov, whose model is Raphael and who is willing to starve rather than accept the official credo of Socialist realism in art. Volodya brutally reminds him: "Raphael wouldn't be admitted to the Artists' Union." Then moving on to literature Volodya declares that a writer in the Soviet Union isn't paid to have ideas: "All that happens to you with ideas is that you break your neck. What you're meant to look for in a book is ideology. If it's there what more d'you want? It's lunatics that have ideas."

There is a strong temptation to regard Volodya Pukhov as Ehrenburg's mouthpiece, although the latter firmly denied this charge when it was made in the Soviet press. "The Thaw," however, does seem to symbolize the hoped-for melting away of the ice of Party controls which for years before Stalin's death had congealed the free spirit and imagination of the creative artist. There were many adverse criticisms of the novel, but a few of them, including the most extensive and authoritative one by the literary politician Konstantin Simonov, clearly sympathized with Ehrenburg's satiric attack on the arts and begrudgingly admitted that there was some faithfulness to the reality of Soviet life in the characters and events of "The Thaw." Ehrenburg was damned, however, for concentrating on "a-typical" Soviet people and on a slice of life that yields no optimism, no feats of labor heroism, no devotion to *partiinost'*.

MR. KIRK, in the supplement, credits the Second Congress of Soviet Writers, called in December 1954, with quelling this long, postwar period of literary dissent, of which "The Thaw" was "the brightest flower," and he asserts that "doubtless no Soviet author will be so wrongheaded as to stumble into the pit of deviation for a great while to come." Mr. Kirk makes some penetrating and just observations about the "death of art" in the Soviet Union. However, he is too dogmatic and sweeping about the developments of Soviet literature and the arts in the past and perhaps a bit premature and Orwellian in his stark vision of their future futility. He also tends to blame too much of "the terrible decay of Russian literature" on Marxism.

Marxism had very little to do with it. The Communist Party early realized that properly directed and controlled creative literature could be employed as a tremendously important propaganda weapon. And over the years the Party has been increasing its direction and control until they reached an intolerable degree in the postwar period. On the other hand, what is often forgotten

(*Continued on page* 40)

BEMELMANS AT HIS BEST: The pleasant and not-so-pleasant scenes assembled above all come from a new collection of the writings and drawings of Ludwig Bemelmans, a fellow who—in the unlikely event you haven't heard of him—is just about as funny and certainly as cosmopolitan as any American writer extant. The collection is entitled, appropriately enough, **"The World of Bemelmans"** (Viking, $4.95), and it includes practically all of Mr. Bemelmans's best works—from "My War with the United States" to "I Love You, I Love You, I Love You"—and, for good measure, a few new stories which have never before been published in book form—"The Golden Opportunity" and "Paris Underworld"—in addition to a myriad new sketches. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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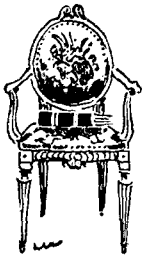

Maternal Span Between Two Continents

***"A Family of Two Worlds," by Ann Bridge** (Macmillan. 244 pp. $4), is the well-known novelist's recollection of her mother, who was at home in the Old World and the New. Professor Mary Ellen Chase of Smith College reviews it below.*

By Mary Ellen Chase

THE OPENING sentence of Ann Bridge's early novel "Peking Picnic," which in 1932 won countless readers by its liveliness and charm, might well form the theme of much of her work: "To live in two different worlds at the same time is both difficult and disconcerting." Miss Bridge's best novels almost invariably reflect these two worlds: "Peking Picnic," England and China; "Illyrian Spring," England and Dalmatia; "The Dark Moment," England and Turkey. And in these, as in "A Family of Two Worlds," her newly published portrait of her mother, some wise woman like Laura Leroy in "Peking Picnic," or Rekifé Hanim in "The Dark Moment," or, in the present case, her mother, Marie Louise Day, forms the necessary bridge between them through a sometimes almost incredible store of tranquility, humor, and vision.

This story of a long life, as much Miss Bridge's biography as that of her mother, is written, for the most part, with the ease and grace of her novels; yet it surely possesses qualities both difficult and disconcerting. The difficulty lies in the crowding of its pages. So many remote ancestors or countless contemporary aunts, uncles, and cousins are brought into the narrative that the chief subject, presumably her mother, is frequently dimmed or even lost. Moreover, most of these relatives have little of essential value to contribute either from their own world, that of America with post-Civil War New Orleans as its center, or to that to which they come, England in the earlier decades of the present century. They all represent affluence, ease, and, at times, a troubling arrogance; and the very number of them tends not only to halt the main narrative, but even to misrepresent the central character.

The disconcerting element of Miss Bridge's book lies in the values which it stresses, one must think, unconsciously. Nevertheless, such values are indubitably here: the prevailing attitudes toward servants, both American and English, a kindness which, however, never escapes condescension; the emphasis on "elegance," a word used again and again, on "material comforts," on "clothes from Worth"; careless summers in Swiss hotels or in the Scottish highlands, often with the same omnipresent American relatives.

Such details, constantly repeated, have the disturbing effect, at least upon this reviewer, of making ambiguous the personality of the author's mother. One remembers so clearly her opinion of Harriet Beecher Stowe as "a foolish, presumptuous woman" and of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as an "untruthful" book, forbidden her children, that it becomes difficult to discern her evident charm, her remarkable adjustment to English society, her wisdom and companionship, her nobility in the face of ultimate calamity, her genuine love and knowledge of the English countryside.

Once these disconcerting emphases are set aside, however, the book holds real interest and value. It is well-written; it pictures clearly both New Orleans in the late nineteenth century and England during the First World War; and, in spite of too many unnecessary anecdotes, it shows a genius for re-creating and, indeed, for resurrecting human beings, whatever their merit. Perhaps its outstanding interest and even value lie in the pages given to old Negro songs and to their lasting influence upon the Southern child who was never to forget them, but to bequeath them as a legacy to her own children.

Look to It, Then, My Soul!

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

AMONG the numerable millions
That people all this world of ours
I know at least that I am one of them.
I know besides that on a day,
Undated yet, I shall go hence
By that same gate of exit
Through which the innumerable millions
Of all the centuries have passed before me.
Shall I then know myself as one of them,
And find a few, my best beloved?
May I still say—because I think, I am?
Sages, philosophers, with saints and poets,
Have made their various answers to these questions.
With Yes and No, and many a doubt between.
Vain, vain inquiries! Who can boast,
Believing as he may, a certainty
Above all certainties of others?

Yet to one tenet I would cling—
That if eternity of life and thought
Awaits us there, as faith will testify.
It has already wrapped us in,
And what has now begun
Will evermore continue.

Look to it, then, my soul,
While still a span of time remains,
And store within yourself all truth and beauty
Fit for the uses of eternity!
How else would it be bearable?

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Behind the Curtain

***"Me and Kit," by Guthrie McClintic** (Little, Brown. 341 pp. $5), is a leading Broadway producer's recollections of his life with one of the great ladies of the theatre.*

By Allen Churchill

IT IS safe to say that every reader of America's slick-paper magazines has seen a joint photograph of Guthrie McClintic and Katharine Cornell. Usually the two are taken in profile, staring confidently ahead, as befits the happily married team comprising one of our top producer-directors and an equally top dramatic actress.

Viewing the gifted pair thus, it is hard to imagine such glowing people meeting obstacles on the highroad to fame. Yet they did. Mr. McClintic especially encountered resistance. In his aptly titled "Me and Kit" (for Miss Cornell appears seldom in its pages) he tells of one of the roughest roads to success in the annals of stage-reading. Seattle-born, he was bitten by the stage bug early in the 1900s at performances of the Charles A. Taylor Stock Company (readers of last season's "Laurette" will do a quick double-take here, for this was also Laurette Taylor's proving ground). But to his conventional parents a career in the theatre was inconceivable, even for an odd-ball son. One of the truly touching moments in this excellent autobiography comes when finally his parents do agree to let him cross the continent to study at a New York dramatic school.

For young Guthrie saw himself only as an actor—what stagestruck kid in those days thought of himself as director or producer? He may have been equipped for this by talent, but not in appearance, which in those days was far more important than now. Still, he clung to his determination, job-hunting grubbily through long discouraging years. Surely such grim tenacity in a young man will be rewarded! It is, but in a way to make positive-thinkers wince. After a rude rebuff at the Winthrop Ames office he pours out his anger in an intemperate letter to Mr. Ames. Wisely deciding not to mail it, he tells no one of its existence, buries it in a trunk. But his landlady is an engaging female who holds spirit seances for friends. One night she bursts into his room. "The spirits say mail your letter," she cries. He does, and a surprised Mr. Ames comes across with the stage-managing job that finally leads to directing.

Oddly, Miss Cornell's first chance at fame was almost equally off-beat. The English actor who had got the rights to "A Bill of Divorcement" was one day visited by two old ladies. To pass the time he described his play. "We know just the actress for you," they told him—"Katharine Cornell." As much to please them as anything, he gave the part to young Miss Kit, even insisting that she keep it when director Basil Dean wanted to ease her out.

But once the pair had found the first rung of the ladder (it comes on page 266 of this 364-page book) there's no stopping them. Mr. McClintic's first major moment came with his production of A. A. Milne's "The Dover Road" in 1921, a theatrical season so crowded with spectacular openings that the fledgling producer opened his play in the afternoon. Since then he has directed and often produced plays by nearly every major playwright, not to mention Shakespeare and Shaw.

As a director Mr. McClintic can be somewhat testy, and he brings some of this testiness to his book. When he doesn't like someone he says so. Such an approach results in a hilarious (and tragic) portrait of Mrs. Leslie Carter, once Belasco's prize actress, a bedezined beldame when Mr. McClintic undertook to direct her in "The Shanghai Gesture." But when writing of play direction—as he does at length with "Romeo and Juliet"—the testiness disappears and the theatre craftsman takes over. The result takes the average theatregoer as far across the footlights as he's ever likely to get.

—*Alexander Koriansky.*

Guthrie McClintic at rehearsal.

It may seem strange to describe as exciting the story of a scrawny, dedicated youth as he tries to get a foothold in the theatre. Yet Mr. McClintic has managed to make it that way. He has also written a book youthful in spirit, bringing back the days when the Broadway theatre was rousingly alive, with five major openings on most nights and the Washington Square Players (with Miss Cornell) germinating down in the Village. The footsore kids who tramp a moribund Broadway today will certainly—as they read this—wish they'd been young with Mr. McClintic.

Hunters of the Dusk

By Ethel Jacobson

DUSK, and the gray bats fly
From the crannied palisades,
Motes on the deepening sky,
Shadows among shades.

They hunt with soundless cry
As their delicate radar sings.
Dusk, and the gray bats fly
Blind, on seeing wings.

Notes

AT HOME TO THE FLEET: For many years Florence McGeehee was a woman truant officer, an experience she tapped a while back in writing a book called "Please Excuse Johnny." Now Mrs. McGeehee has delved farther back into her life and has come up with a book, **"Sailors Kiss Everybody"** (Macmillan, $3.50), about her grandmother's time in the late Victorian days of Oakland, California. Grossie, as everybody called her grandmother, kept open house for footloose sailors and at the same time managed of an evening to get her guests all in one piece down to the local Seaman's Rest for a little hymn-singing. Mrs. McGeehee's tale moves

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a little too pedantically and perhaps a little too sentimentally) but this account of Presbyterianism combined with gospel soul-saving is probably as interesting as one could reasonably expect.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

THE PERILS OF ALYSE: In a book called "Red Dust of Kenya" Alyse Simpson told us about the trials and tribulations suffered by herself, a Swiss girl who married an Englishman and found herself living on an African farm. Now, for her faithful readers, she has delved back into life as she knew it before she even met her Englishman and writes about it in a book called **"I Threw a Rose Into the Sea"** (John Day, $3.75). How the young Alyse managed to escape from the boredom of waxing parquet floors, how she rebelled against marrying the Swiss boy who had been chosen for her, and how she joined (and eventually left) a convent are the burden of a book which has depth as well as entertainment value.

—DOROTHY MANDEL.

BRIDE DOWN UNDER: Like Michaela Denis, author of "Leopard in My Lap" [*SR* Oct. 8], Mulaika Corben married a husband and headed for a faraway place—in this case Australia. In Mrs. Corben's case the husband was a physicist who, as he was studying in America on a British scholarship, was not allowed to ride in an airplane, to get himself married, or to work outside British territory for two years after completing his education. How the Corbens managed to get around all these prohibitions and how Mrs. Corben managed to teach botany and American popular songs to the girl students of Australia (and at the same time to study Australian ways with some astuteness) is all set down in her book **"Not to Mention the Kangaroos"** (Crowell, $3). Much of it is written in a slap-on-the-back manner which may make readers wince, but may also convince them that Mrs. Corben's heart, at least, is in the right place.

—J. H.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. *Caviare* ("Hamlet," ii, 2; Hamlet). 2. *incarnadine* ("Macbeth," ii, 2; Macbeth). 3. *mattress* ("Antony and Cleopatra," ii, 6; Pompey). 4. *difficult* ("Othello," *iii*, 3; *Desdemona*). 5. *foolishness* ("Comedy of Errors," i, 2; Antipholus of Syracuse). 6. *zenith* ("Tempest," i, 2; Prospero). 7. *raisins* ("Winter's Tale," iv, 3; Clown). 8. *dormouse* ("Twelfth Night," iii, 2; Fabian). 9. *paper-mill* ("2 Henry VI," iv, 7; Jack Cade). 10. *shuttle* ("Merry Wives of Windsor," v, 1; Falstaff).

Gentleman Jokester

This week Simon & Schuster is publishing **"The Book of Little Knowledge"** *($2.95), a collection of "the sulphurous columns" Goodman Ace has been writing for* SR *over the past five years or more. To appease the curiosity of many readers who have wondered what the man behind the sulphurous prose is like we offer the following vital statistics.*

GOODMAN ACE—a recent magazine article on him says—is "at fifty-seven a lean, rangy six-footer. His iron-gray hair is crew-cropped and he looks owlishly at the world through big horn-rims. His manner is patient, his speech dry. There is about him the look of a professor from a Midwestern campus...."

If nothing else, Ace's scholarly appearance makes him seem a man apart in the world of TV comedy writing, where he is considered the funnyman's funnyman. Where most practitioners of the gag-writing art are brash fellows ever ready to laugh loudest at their own jokes, Ace is a confirmed pessimist. "Goody's always low in mind," says one of his friends. "He doubts good luck, and sees disaster around every corner."

Another factor separates Ace from other comedy writers. It's money. Ace makes more of it than anyone else in the field ($4,000 a week for a minimum of forty weeks is a conservative estimate). He's also made it longer. Whether or not he looks the part, Ace works surrounded by gag writers, for nowadays teams rather than individuals labor to create comedy scripts. He also mingles with them in off-hours. One of these has quipped: "Goody Ace had money before there was money." Says another: "Knowing Goody is *gelt* by association."

Ace himself is fast with a quip. Parting from an association with CBS-Radio, he muttered: "If the atom bomb ever falls on New York the CBS building is the place to be. There's no radioactivity there." A confirmed hypochondriac, Ace haunts medical offices, only to be told he's strong as a horse. Then he says: "I know how sick horses can get. I've bet on a lot of sick ones." Usually, though, he saves his quips for a TV script, currently the Saturday night Perry Como Show or his *SR* columns.

Joe Miller gags don't appear in Ace scripts. He is a pioneer in the belief that the great American audience has a brain. Perhaps his best writing was for "The Big Show," the monster radio extravaganza starring Tallulah Bankhead. One of his tricks was to have every actor in the show describe himself. For George Sanders he wrote: "Actor, pianist, linguist, and, because this is my sixth appearance on this show, masochist."

"You've no idea what a rumpus that last word kicked up," Ace tells you wryly. "Even Tallulah thought no one would understand it. But for once I used my authority, kept it in. It got one of the biggest laughs we had."

Ace was in his mid-twenties and theatre and movie reviewer for the *Kansas City Post* when his break came. To supplement his income he appeared as "The Movie Man" on a new-fangled contraption called radio. Once the program following him failed to show. Frantically the station manager waved at Ace to continue. Ace in turn beckoned his five-foot-two-eyes-of-blue bride, Jane, who had been waiting for him. "Act dumb," he whispered, and the two began a conversation program which later became "Easy Aces."

Soon New York learned of the program and made an offer of $50,000 a year, a sum the Aces have never sunk to since. When Jane retired Goody began writing for other comedians. He appears content to have his name flick by for an instant at the end of a TV show. He is still married to Jane ("Jane's all right if you like Jane," he tells people who ask about her). Ace's closest friend is Groucho Marx, and when the two meet they sit seriously discussing matters of worldly import. Only rarely does one try to make the other laugh. Ace's deep pessimism is ever-present. A writer said to him a few weeks ago, "I'm going to Europe, see you when I get back." "Don't count on it," Ace warned. "I may be dead."

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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THE LANDY CASE

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

EVEN though Secretary of the Navy Charles Thomas has finally vindicated Eugene Landy this case will not soon be forgotten. It sharply reveals the evils of suspicion. Eugene William Landy was accused of nothing. His crime consisted in the choice of a mother. Landy never joined the Communist Party. He never joined the Komsomol. He never engaged in Party politics. If he did not put on his questionnaire that his mother was or had been a Communist, he did say that he had never been one.

He was admitted to the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, Long Island, in 1951. He was duly screened. In 1952 Navy Intelligence knew all about his record and his mother's. Nothing is said to Landy. He goes right ahead. He reaches the second place in his class. He wins honors for good work. His future seems to be bright.

Then comes graduation and he is struck down. The only reason: his mother was a wrong one. Suppose his mother were a prostitute, a thief, in prison for dope-peddling, or executed for murder. Would the boy have been struck down after reaching second in his class?

No evidence is adduced that the mother penetrated our Government on behalf of an enemy power. No evidence is offered to show that the boy even lipped his mother's doctrine while he was a cadet at Kings Point or that he organized or joined a Communist cell, or that he was what nowadays passes for a liberal. All that appears in the public record is that he did his homework and came out second in his class and that his mother is unsatisfactory to the Navy.

Here we face not a political but a moral question. Can we maintain the Judeo-Christian civilization in opposition to the Marxist civilization if, to advance himself, a son is required to denounce, to renounce, to repudiate his mother?

This is not a matter of sentimentality; it is a question of morality. In our civilization, based as it is upon the Bible, "Honor thy father and thy mother" is not optional; it is a dictum of Natural Law which may not be violated without peril to one's soul. It is not a question of telling on a friend or an associate. A parent is in a special moral relationship beyond the power of the individual to change or undo. It is possible for some to divorce a wife, to annul a marriage. It is unforgivable to betray a parent. Whether one is a believer in God or is an atheist, in our society the Natural Law is the foundation of our way of life and its rejection can only produce anarchy.

What the Navy says to Landy, in effect, is: "You're a fine lad, and if you only had another mother you would get along all right." They did not say it in 1951 when he came in, or in 1952 when they discovered the taint. But in 1955, when he is to enter upon a career of usefulness to society, they chop him down and use his mother as the ax. No matter what is wrong with his mother, in our morality, he has no alternative but to protect her. In Genesis we recall the story of Ham, Shem, and Japheth. Noah is drunk and Ham gazes upon his nakedness. For this act of disrespect he is cursed forever. The story may be a fable, but the moral is final.

In the Landy case, we move backward from morals to mores; from personal responsibility to group liability; from the fundamentals of the Judeo-Christian life to the savagery of tribal life. It is part of the conception of total warfare, of total statism, of the Hitler-Stalin postulate that man is a creature of the state without will or personality of his own.

A COMPLICATING factor in all these cases is the unbelievable ignorance on all sides of the ideas involved in the terms liberalism, Marxism, Communism, Leninism, Democracy. To most these words lack precise meaning. They are mere sounds which evoke favorable or unfavorable emotions. The same could be said of such terms as Judeo-Christian civilization or Natural Law or Christian Ethics. The result is that the Government investigators often do not know what they are investigating and the resisters do not know what they resist. The investigators should be investigating penetration and not whether a non-Communist likes to drink tea with his Communistic mother-in-law. The investigator should be seeking penetrators into our Government, not boys whose mothers happened to join the Communist Party probably without the slightest understanding of what it is. By penetration I mean a system of using natives, as members of the Communist Party, to penetrate organs of government and the organs of the people so that by peaceful means they come into control and take over in the interest of the Kremlin.

—*Wide World.*

Eugene Landy—"a moral question."

When John Garfield, the actor, "confessed" to me about his Communist activities I discovered that he did not know what he was talking about. He gave money to causes because he thought that it would please Charlie Chaplin and he wanted to please Charlie Chaplin. Many involvements eventuated from this desire to please Chaplin, but Garfield lacked the historic background, the political ingenuity to know what they were, and when he found himself on the eve of an indictment for perjury he could not unravel his own story in his own mind with enough clarity to discover his perjury. When it was pointed out to him that he had been misled by learned counsel and able press agents he still could not grasp how he came to tell so many different and conflicting stories when the truth was so simple and clear and freed him from suspicion. But of Communism, Marxism, Leninism, Democracy he understood nothing. They were words, words, words.

Coming back to the Landy case: the Navy has not committed a political error; it has violated fundamental morality and that is not to be accepted for any reason if we are to survive in our civilization. If we are to adopt Stalinist methods in opposition to Communism we admit that our own system is bankrupt. That is not true.

We can defeat evil by pursuing what we believe to be good and right.

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Letter to Administrator Peterson

MR. VAL PETERSON, *Federal Civil Defense Administrator,* Wash., D. C.

Dear Governor Peterson:

The Magazine Publishers Association has conveyed to *The Saturday Review* your request for information concerning our plans to safeguard our "equipment, personnel, and operations" against a possible attack in war. We have also been informed of your hope that the magazines can help the American people to understand the facts about civil defense.

We are glad to comply with your request because we doubt that there is a more difficult or more important job in America than your own—with the exception, of course, of the Presidency itself. But your job must also be the most baffling and frustrating in the world. For you have been called upon to prepare the American people for the eventuality of military attack against which there is no known adequate military defense.

In the early days of civil-defense preparations our city-dwellers were ready for the kind of atomic bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. People were advised to duck under tables or beds and shield their bodies to the fullest possible extent. But the bombs today are more than 400 times more powerful than the early ones. The radius of total destruction has been greatly expanded. Our larger cities would probably be hit by more than a single bomb in order to meet the requirements of total pulverization. Hence the early civil-defense plans quickly became obsolete.

It was recognition of these facts that no doubt led to the recent decision to stress evacuation as a possible defense. Even here, however, we are dealing with an inadequate and perilous concept. Assuming we have as much as an hour or two of warning against attack, the attempted evacuation of our cities would result in unbelievable panic and chaos. The streets and highways would become a swarming and struggling mass of people who would only be sealed in by their own numbers. Medical and relief functions and all vital services, in fact, would be blocked off. One shudders to contemplate 4,000,000 people on the island of Manhattan rushing to get across the few bridges that connect it to the mainland. And what if the bridges should have been destroyed? Even a sprawling city such as Chicago or Philadelphia could not accommodate the millions rushing pell mell through the streets after an alert in order to reach the distant suburbs before the bombs fall. Mass evacuation might well become a term for mass incineration.

IF IT is an error to suppose this, then the easiest way to demonstrate the error would be through an actual test. You were entirely right when you said that the purpose of air-raid tests is to instruct people in the course of action they would have to take in an emergency. If the present civilian-defense plan calls for evacuation in event of attack, then the Government has a duty to put the plan to a test. Several of our large cities, such as New York, Washington, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles, should be notified about a new set of signals which would call for test evacuation. People should be instructed concerning their method of exit from the city and their destination. If cars and public transportation are not to be used, that fact should be clearly stated.

Even if such a test were to prove that some 60,000,000 Americans could actually get away from the bomb targets in a sudden mass migration without panic or violence, another prime difficulty remains. How can we be sure that a real attack will be detected early enough to give us the required time to get our people on the move? Important work is now being done in the development of interceptor devices and radar, but the military are unable to assure the people that these devices are likely to provide the required protection. Even the recent announcements of the Federal Civil Defense Administration to the local communities, stressing the need to recruit more civilian air-raid spotters, make it clear that present radar is inadequate for detection purposes. It is, unfortunately, also clear that the human senses are unable to react swiftly enough to serve as an efficient warning system for jet planes cutting through the skies at 1,000 miles per hour or more.

So far as this magazine is concerned, we believe that we can best fulfil the purpose you referred to in your request by saying as often as our readers are willing to listen that there is no defense against attack except peace. We believe that an enforceable peace under law is probably the most difficult undertaking the human race has been called upon to achieve, but it is also the most essential and glorious human goal that has ever been defined.

It is for these reasons that this magazine answers your request by saying we will support President Eisenhower's plan for total inspection of armaments—not as the be-all and end-all of an adequate plan to deal with war but as the beginning of world law with effective controls. We rejoice in the fact that the President himself has said that his inspection proposal is not intended as a substitute for control over armaments but as a starting point. If adopted, the plan will enable us to put an end to the myth of secrecy which has so misled the American people about the vital facts of their own security. And its proper implementation would require that the United Nations become a true enforcement agency with the powers of responsible law.

Only in this direction do we see any reasonable hope that the American people can adequately protect their persons, their properties, and their freedoms. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE POWER OF THE CHURCH

ONE OF THE CONCLUSIONS which may be drawn from Sir John Neale's excellent article "Elizabeth I and Her Cold War" [*SR* Oct. 1], is that in most respects the discussion could have concerned contemporary Roman Catholicism as well as historical. The analogy between Roman Catholicism and Soviet Communism need not be restricted to history. The power of the Roman Catholic Church to interfere ideologically in a country's affairs is as recent as last month's revolution in Argentina. *SR* is to be praised for having the courage to print an article which draws the analogy, even in an historical sense.

ALBERT ATWELL.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE QUEEN'S CATHOLIC HEROES

FROM "ELIZABETH I AND HER COLD WAR," by Sir John E. Neale: "But [English Catholics] knew that their Queen was no fanatic. . . ." Sir John might have clinched his point by noting that Lord Howard of Effingham became Lord High Admiral of the fleet under Elizabeth I and commanded the ships which defeated the Spanish Armada. The Howards — England's greatest aristocratic family — were and are almost invariably Catholic, and this great sailor was a Catholic.

REV. ELLIS JONES HOUGH.

Dexter, Mo.

WHY SOCIAL CLIQUES?

I WISH TO CONGRATULATE you on the fraternities article by William Carlson [*SR* Sept. 10]. Is not the purpose of universities to give an education in arts, literature, and sciences and, most particularly and importantly, at the present time to develop thought and to teach the importance of a democratic way of life? Once the purpose of fraternities was to favor discussion, at least such was the origin of the first Greek-letter fraternity in the United States, Phi Beta Kappa. It is to be regretted that this admirable function has been largely overshadowed and replaced by the undesirable aspects of social cliques.

K. EILEEN HITE.

Bedford Hills, N.Y.

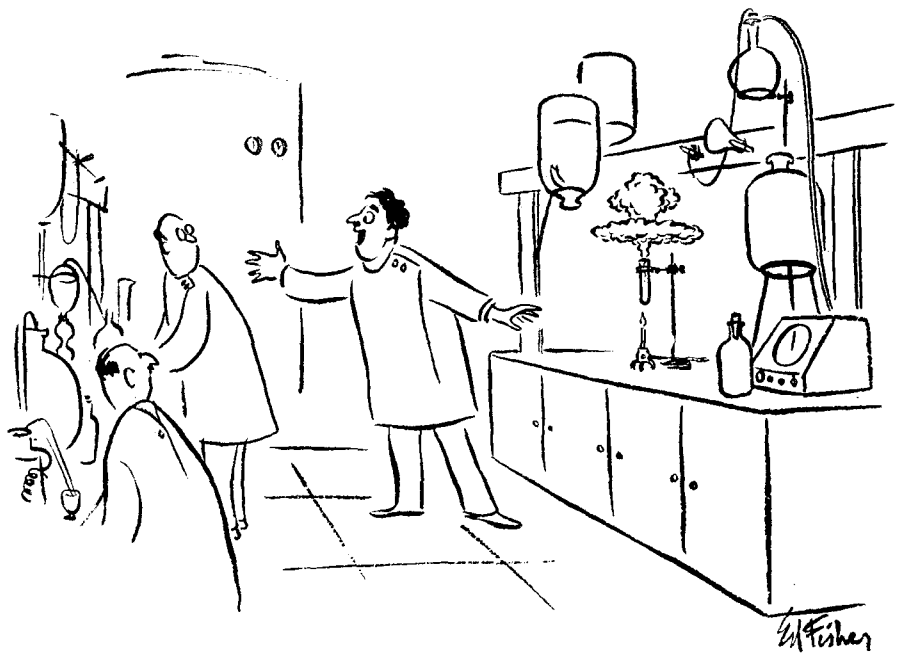
ONLY A CLUB

CARLSON'S article, luridly titled, does small service to his cause, because of what appears to be a basic misconception of the fraternity situation. I think he overestimates the power of the national organizations and the National Interfraternity Conference, groups which may take themselves very seriously but which are laughed at and kidded by the large majority of undergraduate brotherhood members. There are few phrases so damning as "professional fraternity man." The chief off-campus influence on the individual fraternity, because of its proximity, is its particular graduate association, and Carlson's localization of the chapters at his university hardly solves that problem.

People like Carlson, who use the word "discriminate" in a manner that Webster never intended, cloud the issues. The ideal fraternity regards itself as a social club, where men of common interest may gather. If an individual may have his own standard of choosing his friends, why not a fraternity, as long as there is no written law. Certain Greek-letter societies tend to attract athletes, others intellectuals, others party-boys, and when they vote on new members favor representatives of particular groups. It is their privilege. If Carlson thinks that by localizing his chapters he will solve the problems of excessive drinking, membership debt, and poor scholarship I urge him to spend a few days at a Harvard or Princeton club. Secret societies are as old as civilization itself. They satisfy man's desire to associate with a group. Carlson can abolish them at his university, but he will only drive them underground, where their excesses will be magnified.

A. L. GREEN.

New York, N.Y.



"I've tamed it!"

NEW LIGHT

LEO CHERNE'S REFERENCE ["The Loin Cloth or the Rajah?" *SR* Sept. 17] to the fear of the House Appropriations Committee that pictures of the little red schoolhouse and the dust-storm might give the Communists wrong ideas makes me think of a remark made by one of our officials in Japan. He said that the Japanese, like the Europeans, complained of the sameness of American and Russian propaganda. Both seemed to stress high levels of production to the exclusion of nearly everything else. When, therefore, "Death of a Salesman" was broadcast the effect was electric. This throws a wholly new light on America, the Japanese said to themselves. We didn't realize that Americans were capable of self-criticism. Now that we do know it we are much more inclined to listen to what they have to say.

J. S. BIXLER.

Waterville, Me.

THE FATHERS WERE HERETICS

CONGRATULATIONS on the brave editorial "Are Subversives Really Subversive?" [*SR* Sept. 3]. The American people—inheritors of the greatest of all traditions, freedom—ought to take Millis's words to heart. For far too long now we've submitted to the "police state" mentality and the fearmongers who advocate it.

Let us all get back to basic thinking, which must include the concept that truth has nothing to fear. No human document or any human system is sacred; therefore, an open mind and a hopeful attitude toward novel thoughts are essential. Where would we be today if the Founding Fathers had been afraid of heresy?

CLYDE S. KING.

May's Landing, N.J.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Comédie-Francaise

ON Tuesday evening, October 25, the world's oldest and most prolific repertory company will make its first appearance in New York. To those fortunates who have visited Paris the Comédie-Française needs no introduction. It is the solid cornerstone of the French theatre and the most elegant fleur in the proud bouquet of French culture. Associated with it through the years have been such celebrated figures as Clairon (1743-66), Talma (1787-1826), Rachel (1838-58), Sarah Bernhardt (1862-80), Mounet-Sully (1872-1916), and —among moderns—Raimu, Fernand Ledoux, Madeleine Renaud, Jean-Louis Barrault, Marie Bell, Edwige Feuillère, and Pierre Fresnay.

In a brief interview at the Comédie-Française's hallowed Paris headquarters its present administrator, Pierre Descaves, explained the choice of plays for this American tour: "What we would like to do is to present the American public a rose without thorns, and in an effort to do that we decided to bring only comedies." Three M. Descaves considers to be the foundation of the Comédie-Française comic repertory. Leading off Oct. 25-Nov. 1 is Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which New Yorkers last saw with Bobby Clark in 1946. Following that will be Beaumarchais' "Le Barbier de Seville," with Marivaux' "Arlequin poli par l'Amour" (Nov. 8-13). For the final bill the company will present Marivaux' "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard," with Musset's "Un Caprice" as a curtain-raiser. Incidentally, there is a recording of this last Marivaux comedy available (Period Records, $5.95), which will make it possible for those of shaky French to attune their ears to the dialogue in advance.

There are other and practical reasons for confining the repertoire to comedy. The Comédie-Française's two theatres in Paris must continue a full schedule of plays without the services of the performers sent overseas. If it had to send over enough top tragedians and comedians to handle both tragedy and comedy domestic operations would be paralyzed. Therefore, the plan is to send a different company here next season with Racine, Corneille, and one modern dramatist. This second tour of course depends on our enthusiasm for the comedies this fall.

M. Descaves promises that the company will not be disappointed if the reception in New York does not equal that they received in Moscow season before last. Not only were all seats sold out weeks in advance, but the first performance was attended by Malenkov, Molotov, Bulganin, Gromyko, and every other prominent public official. While this spectacular interest might have been a tribute to the Comédie-Française, M. Descaves admits that curiosity about the first foreign company to penetrate the Iron Curtain since the war was responsible for part of it. One actor was asked, "You must be very unhappy in France. When will you have the revolution?" and "Why aren't your schools compulsory? If they were you'd have fewer illiterates."

THE actors America will see on this first tour include twelve of the thirty-two *sociétaires* in the company plus four out of forty-eight *pensionnaires*. (A *pensionnaire* is a young actor on salary who may leave the company if he so desires. When a *pensionnaire* has proved himself he may be invited to become a *sociétaire*, in which case he must play exclusively with the Comédie-Française for twenty years, although he is permitted to make motion pictures. When he signed his contract M. Charon saucily described his fate as *"un enterrement première-classe."* A *sociétaire* shares in the profits and has a voice in the company's policies, although the administrator appointed for a six-year period makes most of the important decisions. This age-honored system provides the actor with great security, but restricts his freedom, with disputes developing on such matters as the roles actors must play and the casts directors must accept.)

Included in the sixteen total are the handsome Maurice Escande, the flawless Jacques Charon, the buffooning Louis Seigner, the bursting Beatrice Bretty, and the musical-voiced Mony Dalmes. As a special treat the Comédie-Française also brought along Marie Sabouret, considered to be its most beautiful actress. With the company, too, is *sociétaire* Jean Meyer, regarded by many as the finest director in the French theatre. M. Meyer has directed "Port-Royal" and "Les Amants Magnifiques," currently the two most successful plays in the Paris repertoire—not to be given here. In addition to

—*Sam Levin*

Marie Sabouret—"most beautiful."

acting in two of the plays here, M. Meyer had his hands full breaking in French-Canadian dancers for his production of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." His introduction of a ballet into this play refutes the myth that the Comédie-Française performs Molière *exactly* as he was performed in 1680. As M. Descaves puts the conservative theatre's attitude towards new *mise-en-scenes*, "We welcome the spirit of innovation so long as it does not contradict the spirit of tradition."

But tradition is very important in France, and even more so at the Comédie-Française. Its primary reason for being is the reincarnation generation after generation of the great plays of the French theatre (the best of the more than 2,500 the Comédie has produced during 275 years of existence). If it also produces new plays of quality by such writers as Montherlant, Cocteau, Obey, Mauriac, and Claudel, these new plays are chosen cautiously. First they are submitted to Robert Kemp, drama critic of *Le Monde*. If he approves they are then passed on to a commission of three. If they still survive the author of each is invited to read his play before a final commission of nine *sociétaires*.

To make all this possible the French Government gives the Comédie-Française a subsidy of $1,000,000 a year, in addition to relief from taxes. While the American tour has been undertaken by impresario Sol Hurok, who risks a possible operating loss during the troupe's short stay on Broadway, the production expenses have to all intents and purposes been paid for by the French Government. It is a rich present for American

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theatregoers who wish to enjoy and understand traditional French theatre. Even those of us who are inclined to quibble about the conventionality of some of these productions must concede that the Comédie-Française is a unique, living museum of theatre.

ANOTHER rich present from France, by way of England, is **"Tiger at the Gates."** Although it was translated only this year by Christopher Fry from the late Jean Giraudoux' "The Trojan War Will Not Take Place," the original Louis Jouvet production in Paris took place in 1935. Unlike most anti-war plays of that period, this work seems perfectly applicable to contemporary conditions. Perhaps this is because Giraudoux was not concerned with the specific precursors of World War II, but with the conditions by which wars have flourished since the days of Troy.

He picks a situation that is simple and very human. Hector, who intimately knows the terrible nature of war, with the women of Troy and especially his wife, Andromache, sets out to forestall the Trojan War. By the greatest efforts they manage almost to prevent the catastrophe, but Giraudoux makes it clear after each bit of progress towards peace that destiny will demand the war nevertheless. Cassandra feels it like a blind man standing in the midst of truth; Helen sees it in her private technicolor. And even Ulysses reasons that "when destiny has brought up two nations to a future of similar invention and authority and given to each a different scale of values: when the nations' architects and poets and painters have created for them opposing kingdoms of sound and form and subtlety; when we have a Trojan tile roof, a Theban arch, Phrygian red, Greek blue: the universe knows that destiny wasn't preparing alternative ways for civilization to flower." Here then is a nice argument for world government, imagined by Giraudoux well before the world became divided into our two camps.

But the play is seldom this solemn. Only a minute earlier Ulysses was tossing off an epigram ("Water leaves more mark on a duck's back than dishonor does on a woman"). Throughout the play M. Giraudoux has used the bright scalpel of wit rather than the hammer of philosophy. Helen he draws as a self-centered doll who goes along with everybody, always ending up having her own way. Her repartee has the charm of Marilyn Monroe's unthinking directness. For example, when Paris—after kissing her in front of Troilus—remarks that this kiss was different from usual she replies simply, "It was the kiss I had ready for Troilus."

The other characters are also seen with humor. There is Busiris, the international law expert who can under pressure arrive at any desired interpretation of the facts. Moral: law by itself cannot cope with the problems of war. Science is represented by a mathematician, who by rationalizing the real into the abstract becomes politically useless. And, although they have been eliminated from the Broadway production, the published version (Oxford University Press, $2.75) also shows us the gods (the Church) too preoccupied with internal squabbles and political affiliations to put a stop to bloodshed. Finally, there is Demokos, the poet, who like all writers to come chooses to glorify war rather than paint it as the horror it is. M. Giraudoux allows him the leading role in forcing on the war.

Michael Redgrave as Hector achieves a marvelous mixture of intelligence and passion, and he makes Hector's oration to the dead a masterpiece of hot-blooded irony. Perhaps he isn't able to stay very long on this intense level, but he does reach it frequently and with the utmost sincerity and acting skill. Diane Cilento's sanguine Helen is expert and constantly smile-provoking, though a bit on the cool side even for Helen. Leueen MacGrath as Cassandra has a delightful feline moment as she squeaks "Helen" to announce the arrival of the *femme fatale*. And Walter Fitzgerald's Ulysses has worldly authority. Harold Clurman's mixing of acting styles is not as noticeable in this unusual sort of play as it would otherwise be. The one place where it does hurt is in the case of John Laurie, whom he allows to play Demokos as ridiculously comic through most of the play, only to ask us to take him seriously in the final scene. These defects notwithstanding, it is a joy to have "Tiger at the Gates" Gallically roaring at Shubert Alley.

"THE Diary of Anne Frank" consists in a series of episodes which take place in an Amsterdam garret during the last war. As dramatized by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, the flickering candle of hideaway life burns most brightly in the person of a fifteen-year-old girl who spends most of her play being a precocious brat. The close quarters in which she and seven other Dutch Jews must hide out from the Nazi army of occupation stretch her ingenuity and resources. The presents she manages to scrape together for her fellow inmates at Chanukkah, her love-affair with the only young boy available—romantic despite the difficult conditions—

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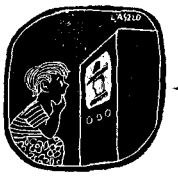
and her gradual maturing towards a consideration of others, these are the action of the play. The fact of her eventual death at Belsen seems accidental and has no real effect on the action.

As Anne, Susan Strasberg gives an amazingly clever performance in her Broadway debut. She knows what she is doing every step of the way, and the deliberate way she flips the end of her scarf over her shoulder in vampish sauciness on returning from her first successful date is delightful theatre. Yet there is a remoteness about her performance which keeps her from engaging our sympathy completely. Perhaps this is the art of director Garson Kanin, for if ever a director has achieved the appearance of life exactly as it is down to the minutest detail, and without editorializing, this is it.

The rest of the cast is fine in more subdued roles: Joseph Schildkraut as the practical-minded and wise Mr. Frank, Gusti Huber as the mother who has lost Anne's affection, Eva Rubinstein as the quiet older sister, David Levin as the shy boy with whom Anne falls in love, Dennie Moore and Lou Jacobi as a rather disgusting pair of selfish refugees, and Clinton Sundberg and Gloria Jones as their contact with the outside world. There are no false notes here. But most memorable of all is Jack Gilford, who goes beyond the demands of naturalism to bring us moments of art. His pantomime with some ear-plugs he cannot get out of his ear, or as the man who finds himself in the way wherever he turns, is superb. And when Mr. Van Daan is undergoing noisy personal remorse for having raided the icebox, the same time that the tenants learn of the Allies' landing in Normandy, Mr. Gilford's mouselike "Please stop, you're spoiling the invasion" catches exactly the pathos of this little man.

Boris Aaronson's setting not only gets the whole dingy apartment on stage, but by means of a wonderful aerial backdrop Amsterdam as well. He, Garson Kanin, and the actors may not have many of the normal requirements of a play to work with, but with what they have they have achieved a terribly true slice of life.

PETER GLENVILLE'S disciplined production of Ugo Betti's "Island of Goats" succeeds in obscuring some interesting ideas about the relationship of sex to sin and the slight but important difference between human beings at their lowest point and animals. Partly at fault is Laurence Harvey's mannered performance, which gives a neurotic flavor to a play that should be as earthy as one of the old goat-plays. —HENRY HEWES.



TV AND RADIO

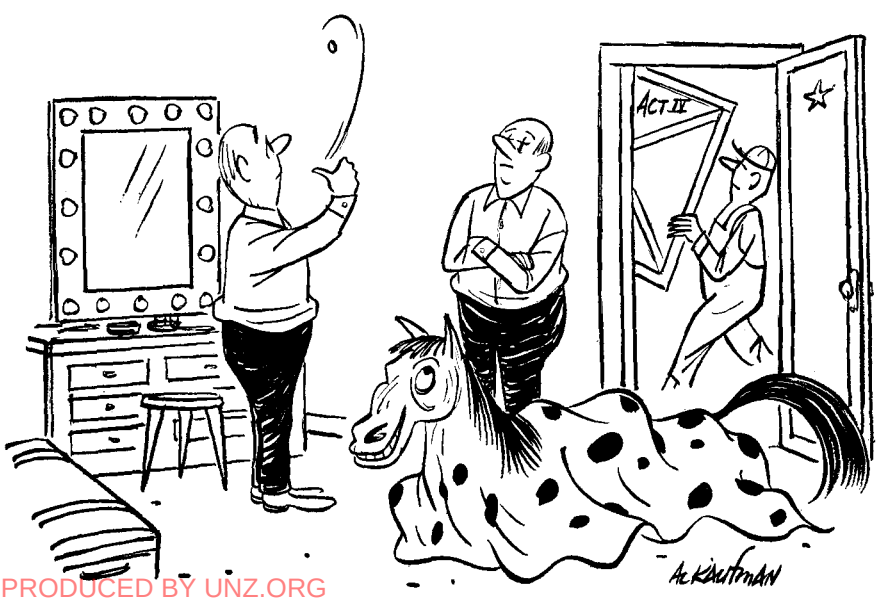
Committees and Commercials

WORTHINGTON MINER, executive producer of NBC's "Medic," wrote a letter recently to the Pulitzer Prize Committee. Miner originated and long guided the career of CBS's "Studio One"; before that he was a Pulitzer Prize-winning director on Broadway (Maxwell Anderson's "Both Your Houses"). He operates chiefly in Hollywood now; and the rapprochement which has begun this year between the film studios and the TV networks has affected Mr. Miner very much as a hurricane born in the Atlantic agitates an East Coast weatherman. His letter to the Pulitzer Prize Committee urgently asks that television writing be included in the Committee's annual awards. The Committee must do this, Mr. Miner affirms, in order to save TV's "generous supply of creative, young dramatic writers" from being turned by the movie industry into "high-priced hacks."

The producer's appeal is commendable: he respects a writer, as the tradition of the theatre has taught him. Whether or not television, as long as it serves not theatre but advertisers, can merit America's highest cultural kudo is a matter the Pulitzer Committee will decide. But as for our video-literary white hopes being turned into "high-priced hacks"—perhaps their defender needs a brushup trip east. The big bit in New York among the television writers is, "Write an hour-show that the movies will buy and then I'm in!" One talented TV writer I know made it last month—with an adaptation of another man's work. He's on his way west now. He'd have to write ten TV originals or more to earn what he will get from this single film assignment. With his eye on the movie-money would a Pulitzer Prize turn him back?

Paddy Chayefsky, television's most successful and celebrated author, would no doubt support Miner's argument. In a recent article in *Variety* he stated quite flatly that "the simple truth is the best dramatic writing done in our country is being done on television. There is nobody I can think of who has shown more insight, theatricality, and talent than Robert Alan Aurthur or J. P. Miller or Tad Mosel or Reginald Rose or quite a number of others." The author's enthusiasm for the work of his confreres is admirable; but I saw a play on television recently which persuaded me that, despite the encomiums heaped on TV's young writers by Messrs. Miner and Chayefsky, the video craftsmen have yet a deal of growing to do. The play I saw was not a TV original: it was Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." David Shaw adapted it for a "Producers' Showcase" performance on NBC. TV's new elements—Frank Sinatra as the Stage Manager-Narrator, several songs, choreography—may have made sense as plus signs of entertainment for a mass TV audience, but they added nothing to the play's stature.

There was a superlative smoothness to the performance, a respect for the



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simplicity and dignity of Wilder's New England town and its people. Except for Sinatra—who hardly bespoke the immortal essence of Grovers Corners, New Hampshire—the cast assembled by Producer Fred Coe was excellent. But, for all the play's fine qualities, the first two acts, setting forth the young lovers in their temporal habitat and getting them through courtship and marriage, seemed still a charming bore. There is a strain of sentimentality in much of Wilder's work which has long been subject to criticism in literary quarters. The town itself on "Producers' Showcase" emerged as a familiar, rather mawkish distillation of many, many Hollywood Main Streets.

Where Wilder hits the tragic bell squarely, however, is in the third act on the windy cemetery hill. The young mother, dead in childbirth, first joins the company of the town's departed, then returns unseen to her home to observe a moment in her former corporeal life, and finally comes back to her grave, purged of the wonder and pity of earth's tender and ephemeral affections. This scene, with its penetration into broad phases of experience, with its solemn yet airy and luminous mood reminiscent of Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard," with its gentle passions of renunciation and transfiguration, moves the work with a true, tragic rhythm. Wilder's stage is not a partial perspective; it is life itself; the drama is human destiny, its character and its meaning. No more sensitive acting than that done in this scene by Eve Marie Saint, in the role of Emily, has been done on TV. No more eloquent and understanding direction than Delbert Mann gave it have I witnessed on TV. And no finer writing has there been on TV. The theatre here was poetry. It was not hard-hitting documentary. It was not an ear for modern colloquial rhythms of speech.

THE young men who write directly for TV, who have earned Worthington Miner's concern and Paddy Chayefsky's praise, have yet to achieve this kind of theatrical poetry. Their levels of conflict and thesis, their insights are far too cluttered with the immediate debris of life around them. They may yet gain the recognition of the Pulitzer Prize Committee. By itself it will not be the mark of their maturity; the Committee often defers to dubious contestants in its annual selections. I give them as a target Thornton Wilder's third act of "Our Town," not as an interlude between two commercials—but as a poem about the human spirit.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Commies and Convicts

GLENN FORD, who appeared recently in M-G-M's "Blackboard Jungle" as a schoolteacher courageously handling juvenile delinquents, is with us again in the same company's **"Trial,"** this time as a lawyer outwitting a wily Communist. His performance gives the impression that he is embarked on a series of type-cast roles—the young professional. In each movie his mannerisms show a vague uncertainty that only disguises an essential bravery. His voice is edgy with strain and badgered idealism. You know, though, that somehow he will muddle through to a solution of the problem. What next for Mr. Ford? A doctor, or perhaps a young atomic physicist? You can be sure that he will handle them capably, with a degree of realism, and that he will arouse our sympathies. All in all, he represents a distinct improvement over the way in which movies all too often portray the man with a profession.

Not believing completely, however, in Ford's schoolteacher or his lawyer, I found I also couldn't completely believe the thesis in **"Trial."** Not that it's incredible in the least degree. When Arthur Kennedy, as a hard-bitten lawyer who hires the professorial Ford, turns out to be a Communist, twisting the case in behalf of a boy accused of murder into a Party fund-raising and propaganda matter, I found him neither too extreme nor too sensationalized. Kennedy is an actor of great skill. His role is undoubtedly the meatiest in the picture. But a great deal of what happens around this central situation seems contrived and hollow.

The plot of "Trial" is a little too complicated to unwind in its entirety, but it involves prejudice in the Southwest, a murder that was not a murder, a travesty of a jury trial, a girl fellow traveler who recants, and of course a romance. But it's a rather new kind of romance, hindered by the lawyer's discovery that the girl he loves is politically tainted. Everything works out well, and neatly. The day is saved when Ford spends an entire night reading through law books and comes up a with a technicality that manages to rescue his client—a Mexican boy, unjustly involved in the lurid death of a teenage American girl.

The movie otherwise pulls not a single punch. The Communist is shown in his basic intolerance (calling the Negro judge, at one point, an "Uncle Tom"); the jury supinely bows to regional prejudice; the investigating committees go to work on the good young lawyer. Are all these punches justified, however? Maybe so, in view of some newspaper headlines we've all been aware of. But newspaper headlines deal in extremes, and so, unfortunately, does this movie. Done starkly, in black-and-white newsreelish photography, an almost documentary quality is given the picture. But headlines, no matter how striking, do not make for good dramatic storytelling. "Trial" gives us a loaded situation, and allows it to explode. It makes for a good deal of noise, but not much else.

* * *

"The Desperate Hours" gives the impression of having been the result of a different type of headline: THREE ESCAPED PRISONERS TAKE OVER HOME OF RESPECTABLE FAMILY. Joseph Hayes has done a good deal with this basic idea—first a novel, then a play, now a movie, directed by the redoubtable William Wyler. Wyler, a first-rate craftsman, has made a shiny, polished production out of the situation. His cast leaves little to be desired: Humphrey Bogart as the leader of the three criminals, Fredric March as the respectable family man, Martha Scott as his wife. Arthur Kennedy appears once again, very much on the side of the law, however, and interested in getting the convicts before they get him.

There are few complaints one can make about the movie. The family, menaced by three desperadoes, reacts with all the proper shades of timidity, bravery, hysteria, and foolishness. The criminals are ugly and dangerous. Fredric March saves his home and family at the end, but not before the audience has been given several palpitating moments. The performances are good, the direction solid, the settings reasonably believable. But, again, we are shown human nature reacting to an extreme sort of situation. We aren't really told very much about the people who, of necessity, are types rather than characters. Well done as the movie is, it's a very easy one to forget.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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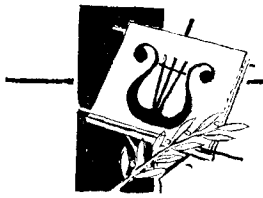

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Gilels, Mantovani, Briggs, and Fonteyn

THE MOOT (in some circles) question of the effect records exercise on the drawing powers of an artist had a convincing answer during recent days in Carnegie Hall. Some kind of dividing line in the musical history of this epoch was passed with the debuts, on successive nights, of Emil Gilels of Russia, as piano soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and Annuzio Paulo Mantovani of Venice and London, as conductor of an instrumental ensemble in his own image. No word-of-mouth was needed to provide a full house for either: the word-of-disc had done its work well.

In both instances, however, one had to acknowledge that the microphone was a subjective factor, rather than a wholly candid reporter. In the case of Gilels the recordings had told us practically all there was to know about his incisive, encompassing technique, while leaving to actual experience a true measure of his qualities as mature master of tone color and dynamics. With Mantovani the actuality demonstrated that he was hardly dependent on the microphone and its sorcery for the peculiar effects that have won him a public.

Gilels is decidedly more youthful than pictures had led one to expect, with a plume of chestnut-brown hair that kept falling in his face and being brushed away as he performed. Protocol, and accreditation as a Government official, made it unnecessary for him to register his fingerprints for a visa, as our current code requires; but he left his fingerprints indelibly on the Steinway he utilized for his performance of the Tchaikovsky B minor concerto.

From the massive opening this was a performance of Tchaikovsky in a forthright, non-theatrical manner, with broad pianistic resource, a wide dynamic range, and a cultivated melodic sense marching side by side to a dramatic climax. Gilels showed his artistic maturity by not expending all his resources on the first movement. It was clean, articulate playing, with ample facility in the final octave passage, but respectful of the fact that this movement makes its own impression more or less in spite of how it is played.

It was when he reached the prestissimo section of the andante that Gilels began to make his aural mark. A look at the score shows that this section is marked "issimo" (Italian for "as much as possible") in three different ways: "prestissimo," "leggierissimo," and "pianissimo." In tribute to Gilel's competence, one found all three superlatives respected: it was fast as possible, light as possible, and soft as possible. The momentum herein developed carried Gilels through a dashing performance of the finale, though it was sometimes a race rather than a collaboration with the orchestra led by Eugene Ormandy. The magnificent orchestra provided Gilels with a golden salver of sound on which to present his pianistic calling-card, though it could not guarantee that it would always be just where he was reaching out for an effect. No question can be entered where Gilel's competence is concerned: just how high he ranks in the pianistic hierarchy will be determined by further tests to come.

On the whole, this opening program was one of the most stimulating Ormandy has given with the Philadelphians in recent years. It began with an energetic playing of Beethoven's "Fidelio" overture, in tribute to the forthcoming reopening of the Vienna Opera-on-the-Ring, and continued with a richly sonorous reading of the Brahms first symphony. Here, however, one must part company with those who regard this as warmly-satisfying Brahms. All the painstaking preparation, plus the rich bath of sound in which the work was immersed, could not disguise the lack of impulse and fervor in the performance. A thick sauce can be welcome when the basic ingredient is unpalatable; but it can be unwelcome when it masks the taste of the thing it covers.

AS NAMES go, Mantovani's is one of limited appeal, save for those who have bought, by the millions, his recordings of "Charmaine," "Lovely Lady," "Greensleeves," etc. These, and his other highly successful arrangements of Porter, Kern, Victor Herbert, *et al.*, have seemed in large part illusions created by the microphone for suave-sounding arrangements on London FFRR recordings; wherefore his venture into Carnegie Hall recently, as part of a tour of Canada and the United States, seemed the occasion for an exposé.

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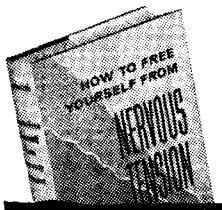

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were, however, a true bill for Mantovani as far as aural fraud is concerned. Utilizing—with but a few key exceptions—musicians recruited on this side of the Atlantic, Mantovani created his own distinctive "sound" in full view of the listener and with no reliance on amplification, echo chambers, etc. Rather, it developed, the singular kind of echo effect conveyed by the strings in his many familiar recordings is produced by a painstaking series of overlapping entries, in which the cascading, "tumbling" sound is a result of minute exactness in execution rather than anything merely mechanical.

As an arranger, Mantovani would seem to have added something to the Kostelanetz-Gould-Faith kind of thing. It may be a bitter acknowledgment to make, but when Mantovani had finished making Handel's "Largo," Stephen Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer," and Richard Rodger's "Some Enchanted Evening" sound all alike, he had made our own pretensions to automation seem somehow second-rate.

A SUITABLE successor to these audio-related events was the Sunday lecture in which G. A. Briggs of Lancashire and London entertained a Carnegie hallful of listeners with a demonstration of the prowess of the Wharfedale speaker (as the final link in a chain utilizing Ferranti and Leak pickup, Garrard transcription table, and the Quad II amplifier). Mention of Lancashire is pertinent here, for it was the wit and turn of phrase that Briggs brought with him from his native county that made his presentation entertaining as well as enlightening. A celebrated authority on sound reproduction, Briggs not only pleased his audience but inured them to afterthoughts on having paid a more-than-nominal admission to what was, in effect, a commercial sales talk.

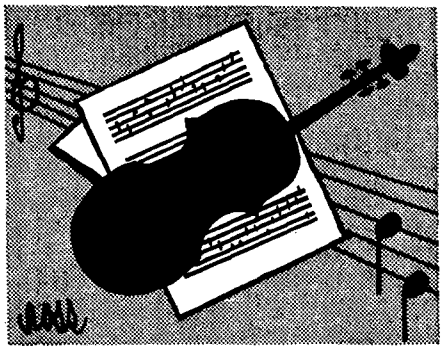
Utilizing a wide variety of recordings (RCA Victor was conspicuously absent) as well as the live talents of Leonid Hambro, pianist; E. Power Biggs, organist; and the Philadelphia Woodwind Ensemble, Briggs left little doubt in his listeners that the Wharfedale corner speaker is one of the best the market affords. However, it also struck me that the battery of four (to provide sufficient sound for the large auditorium) did not make quite the convincing case for fidelity that was intended. In Hambro's skilfully executed A-B performance of a Chopin scherzo (with himself, at a Steinway, as A, the recorded tape of his own Carnegie Hall performance as B), the change from recorded to live was immediately apparent even if one looked away from the stage and depended on the ear alone.

These demonstrations make amusing conversation pieces; but when all is said and done, what we want in the home is a believable illusion of Carnegie Hall, not Carnegie Hall itself. To put the speaker on the stage in competition with a concert grand is to pit Marilyn Monroe against the most skilful picture imaginable of her. The Steinway appeal, like that of la Monroe (or so I am told), can be approximated by a mechanical likeness but hardly equaled.

FOR THE final novelty of its much-admired season in the Metropolitan Opera House, the Sadler's Wells Ballet reverted to a work which is no novelty at all: "Les Sylphides," as choreographed by Michel Fokine to music of Chopin. This was a replacement in the season's schedule for an Ashton ballet not ready for presentation.

In prospect, the enterprise seemed of interest for the opportunity it would afford Margot Fonteyn to provide her own accent and impulse to those elements—the Waltz, Mazurka, Pas de Deux, etc.—which have been interpreted here in varying degrees of justice by Markova, Danilova, Tallchief, Alonso, *et al.* Parenthetically, it may be noted that this restaging of Fokine-Chopin had been designed by Ninette de Valois to get away from the Ballet Russe kind of "Sylphides." Whatever intent was comprehended in this objective, the results were negative rather than positive: a lack of animation not offset by greater artistic purpose, a subtraction of spirit without an addition of poetry. Miss Fonteyn's reserve was emphasized by the limited scope of her partner, Alexis Rassine.

This "Sylphides" was beautifully set in a handsome Benois *decor,* and the action of the *corps de ballet* was remarkably fine. However, the dull pace of the music set by Robert Irving was not redeemed by any impulsive action on stage. —IRVING KOLODIN.



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Screenplays

Continued from page 10

can make a decision unless he is in a position (a) to act upon it forthwith, or (b) to announce it. In a motion picture a man does not decide to stay. He stays.

"TRIAL" is a novel of many decisions; eliminating some and illustrating others was a more difficult task than Busch had led me to expect.

There were other problems. I suspect I am the only screenwriter who in the middle of page 50 of his screenplay called his secretary aside, swore her to secrecy, and asked her what a "lap dissolve" was. But I was about to put my third lap dissolve into the script, and I was getting nervous.

From the look of amazed distress she gave me, along with her explanation, I gather that it was possible that I was the only person in the United States who did not know that a lap dissolve is a dissolve in which the preceding and succeeding scenes overlap, as its name—once this has been explained to you—plainly implies.

In sections of about twenty pages the first draft of "Trial" went from my desk to Mr. Schnee's. Despite the obvious fact that every word I wrote was essential to the plot, it came back to me in fifteen-page sections with the story-line unimpaired. When the sections were finished and put together we were approximately 50 per cent over-length.

And so the process of final cutting began. This is a mysterious procedure where the writer puts back by night what the producer extracts by day, the script eventually assuming its proper dimensions. (I am assured my own theory that this trick is performed by the typists who vary their margins and spacing is incorrect; I have no other theory.)

It was during the final cutting that Mark Robson, who was to direct "Trial," appeared on the scene. Robson is a pleasant, soft-spoken, highly-talented gentleman who smiles continually, agrees wholeheartedly with whatever the writer and producer say, refrains out of modesty from putting forth his own views, and requires perhaps two days to effect whatever radical changes in the script he has in mind, greatly improving it in the process. I am going back to Hollywood someday to watch Mr. Robson, as spectator, in the hope that I will learn how he does this.

But I'd go back anyhow. I've been rereading my Hollywood novels. I missed "The Hollywood Party."

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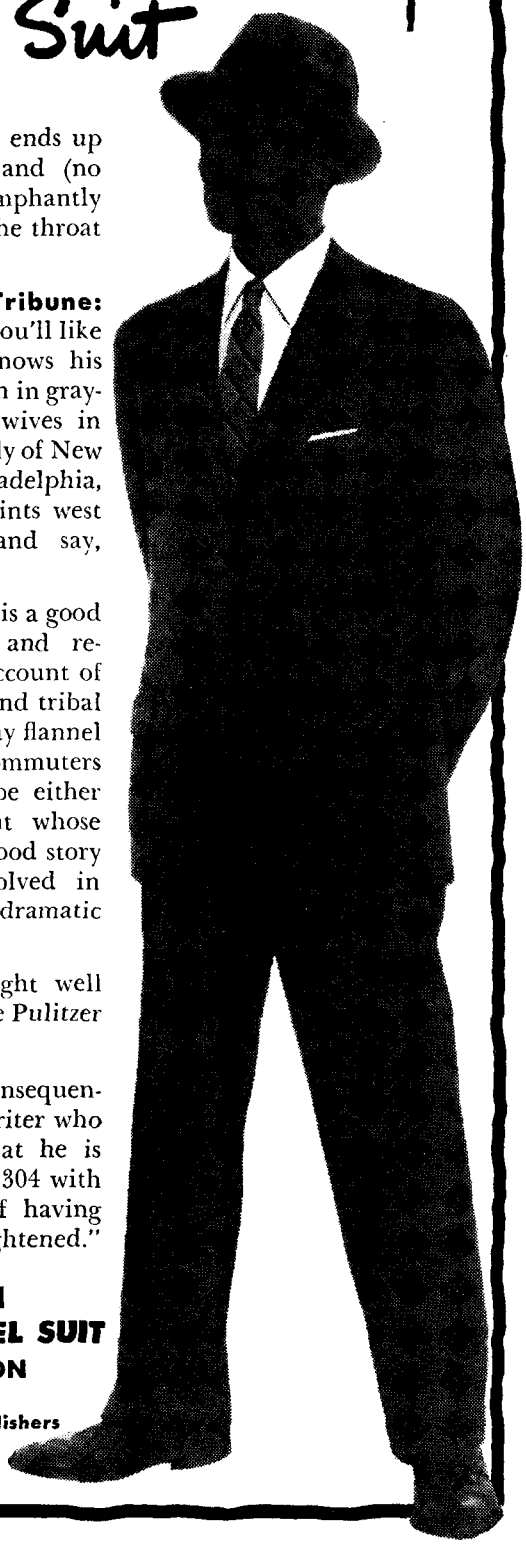
A few of the fine tributes to

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit



Harper's Magazine: "It ends up so simply and humanly and (no other word for it) triumphantly that the lump comes to the throat and one isn't ashamed."

New York Herald Tribune: "You'll like Tom Rath. You'll like his wife. Mr. Wilson knows his stuff. It all rings true. Men in gray-flannel suits, and their wives in the better suburbs not only of New York but of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver and points west will read this story, and say, 'That's true!'"

New York Times: "This is a good novel — neat, smooth, and reportorially exact in its account of the pressures, problems and tribal customs of the men in gray flannel suits, the ambitious commuters who are too young to be either successes or failures but whose time is running out. A good story about nice people involved in recognizable as well as dramatic circumstances."

Sterling North: "It might well be a top contender for the Pulitzer Prize."

Saturday Review: "A consequential novel by a mature writer who knows unwaveringly what he is about. One finishes page 304 with a comfortable feeling of having been entertained and enlightened."

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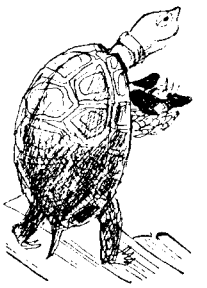
Books for Young People



—"Theodore Turtle."

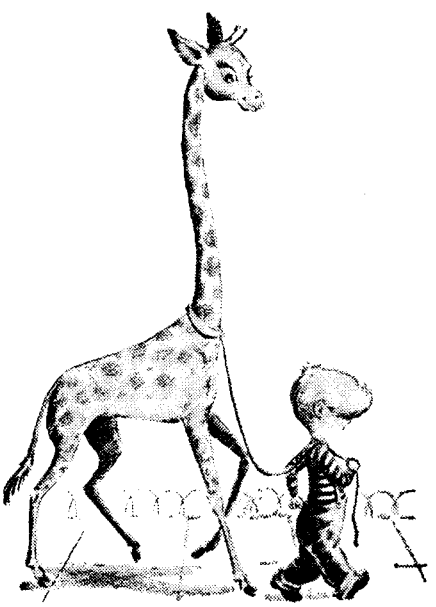
THOUGH books written for a purpose, to teach a lesson or to point a moral, often are forced and stilted and therefore are not considered in the realm of creative writing, we are always delighted when a well-written book has within it the ideas of brotherhood, international understanding, and human relationships. For through books children of one country come to know children of other countries and learn to appreciate and respect the differences and similarities of other cultures. Such books can play an important part in developing tolerance and the recognition of human rights. To emphasize this the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom has set up the Jane Addams Children's Book Award to be made annually. The third award, for 1955, has been given to "Rainbow Round the World," a story of UNICEF, by Elizabeth Yates (Bobbs-Merrill).

Reviewers for this issue: Nancy Jane Day, Supervisor of Library Service, South Carolina State Department of Education; Leone F. Garvey, Supervisor, Boys and Girls Department, Berkeley Public Library and Lecturer in Children's Literature, School of Librarianship, University of California; Margaret Mahon, Children's Librarian, Greenville, S. C., Public Library; Elizabeth Nesbitt, Associate Dean, Library School, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

—Frances Lander Spain, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

THEODORE TURTLE. *By Elen MacGregor. Pictures by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House.* $2. This cumulative story of a turtle of very little brain is reminiscent of the folk tale. Surely absent-minded Theodore belongs to the confraternity of such drolls as "Lazy Jack" and "Clever Elsie." The story, with its mounting misadventures, begins when Theodore drops one of his four rubbers on the attic floor, and ends, after most of the household equipment has been misplaced, with a fire ablaze in the same attic. Adults will object very little to this obvious story as they share the delighted and smug superiority of the children who will snicker, "Isn't he silly!" The book is profusely and gaily illustrated, and every detail of the turtle menage will be lovingly examined.

—Leone Garvey.



—"Giraffes Can Be a Trouble."

". . . something big—something special."

MRS. PERRYWINKLE'S PETS. *By Jane Thayer. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Morrow.* $2. Mrs. Perrywinkle's pets—one black cat, one tiger cat, and a beagle—took possession of her home and ruled her life until she taught them who was boss. There may be a moral here, but if so it is successfully lost in the laughter that follows the reading of this delightfully funny story. Paul Galdone's numerous humorous illustrations in color and black-and-white draw additional chuckles from anyone who has been owned by animals. —F. L. S.

HORSES ROUND THE WORLD. *By Jean Slaughter. Lippincott.* $3. This is not just another picture book about horses. It is a superb one! The brief, beautiful precision of the text, combined with photographs of rare charm and discrimination, shows a deep love and understanding of horses. The large number of photographs from many parts of the world picture horses of all types against backgrounds of pastoral beauty, the circus ring, the race track, a formal state procession in London, the polo field, and the stable. The horse fancier and the novice, both adult and child, will turn to the book again and again just for the pleasure of looking.

—Margaret Mahon.

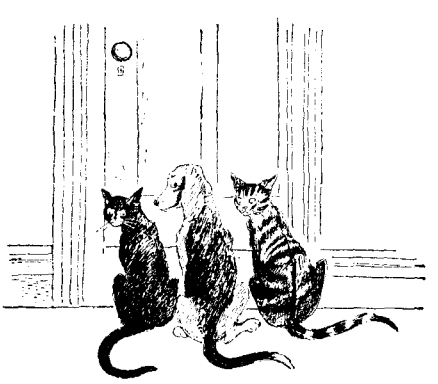
GIRAFFES CAN BE A TROUBLE. *By Lynn de Grummond Delaune. Illustrated by Robin King. Dutton.* $2. Wilfred, a four-year-old, tries to decide what he wants for his birthday. It must be something big—something special even though his father has warned him that something big often brings "attendant and resultant" difficulties. This account of the difficulties that beset Wilfred when he finally decides on a giraffe should please the pre-school child.

Robin King's black-and-white illustrations tell the story effectively and will delight the children.

—Nancy Jane Day.

ELLIE'S PROBLEM DOG. *By Catherine Wooley. Illustrated by Ursula Koering. Morrow.* $2.50. When a young and frisky stray dog attaches itself to nine-year-old Ellie her loving heart aches for its homelessness, although she has agreed with her family that there should be no more dogs for a while. Her understanding parents seek many solutions for the welfare of the dog that was fast becoming a neighborhood nuisance. Brownie, however, has determined upon Ellie as his very own, and will have none of the arrangements selected for him. Ellie's family finally capitulates with the understanding that the dog shall be her responsibility entirely. A pleasant little story, lacking in originality and style, but children who liked the author's "Schoolroom Zoo" will probably enjoy reading more about Ellie and her animals. —L. G.

MINUTE MEN OF THE SEA. *By Tom Cluff. Illustrated by Tom O'Sullivan. Follett.* $2.95. This is the exciting tale of the first naval battle of the American Revolution and the taking of the British cutter *Margaretta* by a small company of men from Machias Township. Although they considered themselves loyal subjects of the King, these stur-



—"Mrs. Perrywinkle's Pets."

". . . owned by animals."

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dy Maine farmers, woodsmen, and fishermen voted their sympathies with their fellow colonists when they heard of the troubles around Boston. Here is a story of "embattled farmers" who, against great odds, captured the royal cutter that had been sent to subdue them. The author, a specialist in maritime law, first came across a reference to the Machias affair in J. Fenimore Cooper's "History of the U.S. Navy." For this book he was posthumously awarded the 1955 Charles W. Follett Award. The book is handsome in format and well illustrated. —L. G.

QUEST OF THE SNOW LEOPARD. *By Roy Chapman Andrews. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Viking.* $2.75. Here is adventure at its best. Jack Benton, the expedition leader of "Quest in the Desert," is again leading a scientific expedition—this time to the Yunnan province and to Lolo land on the borders of Tibet, where he hopes to trap a snow leopard.

In this fictionalized account of a zoological expedition Dr. Andrews, formerly director of the American Museum of Natural History, answers many of the questions raised by young people concerning the operation of such an expedition. Hazards of various kinds as well as exciting adventures with tigers, leopards, and king cobra make this an exciting story. However, pervading the entire book is an understanding of and an appreciation of the people encountered, their customs and traditions. Mr. Wiese's black-and-white drawings have successfully captured the spirit of the book. —N. J. D.

NEFERTITI LIVED HERE. *By Mary Chubb. Illustrated by Ralph Lavers. Crowell.* $3.50. A presentation of Egyptology by a novice in the field is unusual. When that novice writes as Mary Chubb does it is a delight. One day, bored with her job as assistant secretary to an English archeological society, and with no interest in Egyptology, the author was searching for an ancient painting. She came upon a piece of glazed tile, delicately beautiful. Suddenly she knew a "great longing—to know all I could about the place the tile came from." Characteristically resourceful, she got herself appointed secretary to an expedition to Tell el Amarna, Nefertiti's and Akhenaton's city.

The story of this expedition is told with zest and humor. But the excellence lies in the imagination which brings to life an ancient past, in sensitivity to beauty, in a rich human quality. Drawings by an architect of the expedition enhance interest for the reader. —ELIZABETH NESBITT.

—"Captain Cook Explores the South Seas."

". . . from sailor on a North Sea collier to Captain in the Royal Navy."

CAPTAIN COCK EXPLORES THE SOUTH SEAS. *Written and illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. Random House.* $1.50. In his own inimitable manner, Mr. Sperry has presented this fictionalized account of Captain James Cook. James Cook is introduced to us first as a boy of thirteen and we follow him with great interest as he rises from sailor on a North Sea collier to Captain in the Royal Navy. The story emphasizes his explorations in the South Seas and the charting of navigation routes of the world. Attractive in format as well as in style of writing, this is one of the more worthy volumes of the World Landmark Books and will interest children, particularly boys, from the age of ten up. —N. J. D.

TREASURE. *The Story of Money and Its Safeguarding. Written and illustrated by Walter Buehr. Putnam.* $2.50. This is the fascinating story of money and money substitutes traced through the use of barter, tokens, credit, coins, paper money, checks, and international exchange. The care of money and other valuable items from old iron-bound chests to modern insulated vaults with time locks is described and the effect of established and safe currency on the development of business and industry is explained. The many fine black-and-white drawings and the clear text make this an excellent addition to books on money for the ten-to-twelve-year-old group. —F. L. S.

STAR GUARD. *By Andre Norton. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. This is a space story of intrigue and chase rather than one of interplanetary travel and discovery. In the year 3956 A.D. the race for power was universal. Because they had entered Space late the men of Earth were reduced to the ignominy of serving the warring factions of other planets as mercenaries.

But mankind possessed one quality lacking in the intelligent beings of other planets—a quality overlooked and misunderstood—the will to struggle. Man was determined to win his right to roam freely in space, and to his own purpose. The hero, Kana Karr, an earthling of mixed blood, is an All-American type boy who is successful in winning the great dream for his people. Like most science fiction, this strains credulity but, unlike many of this genre, it is written with style and a certain grace. It is fantastic, valorous, fast-paced, and good reading for science-fiction fans of twelve and over. —L. G.

SEVEN KINGS OF ENGLAND. *By Geoffrey Trease. Vanguard.* $3. A companion volume to Mr. Trease's "The Seven Queens of England," this includes Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Charles I, Charles II, William III, and George VI. Each biography is preceded by a brief sketch of English history covering the intervening years. This places each king in the right perspective to make his life more understandable and to relate him to the other rulers. Excellent for use with English history classes and, because of its informal and pleasant style, for general reading. For older boys and girls. —F. L. S.

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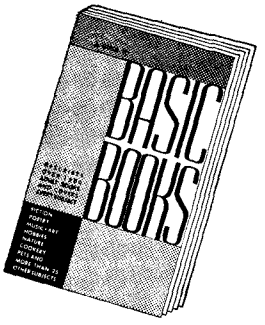

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The Adventures of Johnny Flashback

Continued from page 11

had to have been brought up in Pryde to know how wrong. It was simply the way Pryde was.)

"I wish you could have been at the party, Johnnie," Lorna was saying to me in her half-frank, half-mischievous way. "But, of course, we knew it was impossible. The Lovells couldn't very well ask a boy whose mother picks up the wet, soggy bathing suits and hands out the dry towels, could they?" Her expression became thoughtful. "Though I sometimes wonder if I really believe in any of that."

This was Lorna, all over. She could never quite accept things just because they had always been done that way in Pryde's Rock.

"You don't mind my saying that, do you, Johnnie?" she asked me anxiously. "About the bathing suits, I mean? It's one of the things I've always loved about you. That I can say anything to you. Absolutely anything. And you'll always understand."

"Of course. I understand, Lorna."

Billions did one of his cartwheels with a lazy, easy muscular grace, and upset a glass of sarsaparilla on my only pair of white flannels. I had been wrong to wear them, anyway. Billions was wearing white ducks.

"Oh, Billions, what a slop you are!" Lorna cried angrily. "Look what you've done to Johnnie's trousers! And you know it's his only pair!"

"It's all right, Lorna," I said hastily.

"But it's not all right!" she retorted. "Don't be such a mouse, Johnnie! One thing I can't stand is mousiness."

"Am I really a mouse?" I asked unhappily, as she daubed at my pants with her handkerchief. "Do you really think so?"

"Well, I never *said* so, did I?" demanded Mr. Noyse in perplexity, and there I was again, at White Elephants, Inc., staring across the glass-covered desk at the lithograph of San Simeon. I realized, appalled, that I must have spoken aloud.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"And what the devil do you mean by leaving the room the moment I turn around in my chair?"

"But I didn't!"

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me, Flashback, that you weren't out of this room just now?"

Unsettled, I could only bemusedly stroke my bristling cheeks.

"Well, let it go," he snapped irritably and turned away.

WHEN I told Lucy that evening that I had to take the midnight for Pryde she seemed immediately preoccupied.

"I suppose you'll be seeing that Lorna Snob or whatever her name is."

It always pained me the way Lucy spoke of my past. She was a strong, firm, bright girl. There was nothing of the dreamer in her, as in me, or the "sleepwalker," as she called it. Lucy had given up a good job for me as a researcher on *Life* and could never forget it.

"Pryde," I corrected her softly. "Lorna Pryde. And you know that was all over years ago."

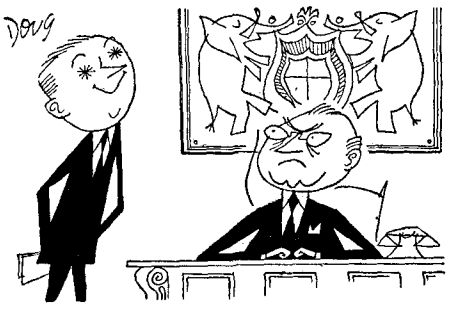
"Do I?" She looked at me and shrugged. "Sometimes I think you've never really left Pryde. It's that look in your eyes when you speak of it."

That night as the train hurtled its way through the blackness of New England I lay awake in my berth and thought of what Lucy had said. *Had* I ever left Pryde? Or Lorna? Was she happy now? Had she found satisfaction in a life with Billions? I would soon know.

When I got off the train the next morning I went straight to the Club. Everything there looked exactly the same except fifteen years older. I found Lorna and Billions at the same umbrella table surrounded by the same old crowd. The men were all in white flannels, but I, unfortunately, had worn white ducks.

"Fancy your coming back after all these years!" Lorna cried with shining eyes, taking both my hands in hers. "And no longer being the little Johnnie Flashback whose mother took in the bathing suits, but a great executive of White Elephants who is going to find a buyer for Pryde's Rock! Fancy it, Johnnie!"

"Good to see you, Flashback," Billions drawled, and got up to do one of his famous cartwheels, with the same old lazy grace. I knew immediately that nothing had changed. That nothing ever would. The meshes of memory again unmeshed, and I was back at Lorna's debut at Pryde's



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Rock, that windy starlit night, standing alone with her on the terrace. Her sequins glistened; her hair was rippled by the damp breeze as she stared defiantly at the waves. The orchestra inside was playing "You're Going to Lose Your Gal."

"This is madness, Johnnie," she said. "I've got to go in."

"Why?" I demanded, in sudden rebellion at Pryde and its million rules. "What do we care?"

"Billions will be looking for me. Our engagement will be announced at midnight."

"Let it. Stay out here."

"Johnnie," she murmured brokenly, "Johnnie, please, you've got to help me." Never before had she appealed to me. "I'm not strong enough. Billions is what I deserve, and Billions is what I'm going to get. You and I—well, it would be impossible. Besides, there are all those soggy bathing suits. No, Johnnie, let's face it. I haven't the courage."

She turned and left me, and there I was back again, sitting with her ghost fifteen years later under the old umbrella table at the old Swimming Club, discussing the sale of Pryde's Rock. The others, I noted, including Billions, had left, but Lorna was still there. She was staring at me curiously.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"When?"

"Just now. Just this minute."

"Nowhere."

She laughed harshly.

"It always intrigued me, that old habit of yours."

"What habit?" I asked uneasily.

"That habit of disappearing. Don't you remember how you pulled it that night on the terrace at my coming-out party when I wanted to elope with you?"

"Elope!" I was outraged. "You mean when you threw me over for Billions!"

"Threw you over, my eye!" She laughed again, rather vulgarly, I thought. "You knew I was after you and sish! Off you went!"

"Lorna!"

"Oh, you know it's true!" she cried impatiently. "And, what's more, I'm still after you! There! Disappear now if you dare! I'm through with Billions! If I see him do one more cartwheel I'll die! *That's* why I got you up here!"

IN THE giddiness of my panic I still managed to keep my head. If it was true what she said, that I actually disappeared, that I retreated physically into the past, I could do it again, could I not? She had risen now; she was coming around the table with her arms stretched; there was not a sec-

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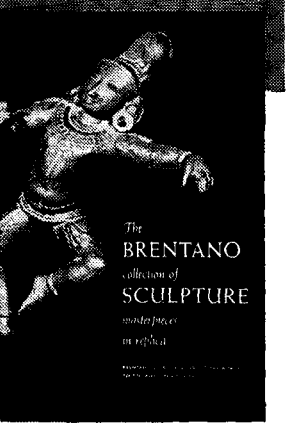

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ond to lose. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes and thought desperately of Lucy.

When I opened them again I was back in my living room at home with Lucy and, of all people, Mr. Noyse. They were sitting together on the sofa and seemed very surprised to see me. I noted a bottle of Scotch on the cocktail table and two half-empty glasses.

"Johnnie!" Lucy almost screamed. "I thought you were on the night train!"

"I missed it," I said sheepishly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Noyse. I'll catch the first one in the morning."

But Mr. Noyse seemed disposed to let this pass.

"It's quite all right, Flashback," he said hastily. "Don't give it a thought." He glanced at his watch. "Dear me, it's getting late. As a matter of fact, don't bother about that morning train. I think I'll run up to Pryde myself. No sense your taking a nasty trip like that in the middle of winter."

When he had gone I told Lucy gravely how honored she should be that the boss himself had called. It meant, of course, that I was being considered for partnership. Those things always had their significance.

"Oh, darling," she exclaimed a bit wildly, "I hope you're right!"

"Of course, I'm right."

"I'm glad you didn't go to Pryde," she continued after what seemed a rather reflective pause. "And I'm glad you don't have to go in the morning. Darling, tell me you won't leave me again for Pryde. Ever?"

"I'm through with Pryde," I said as I took her in my arms. And this time I knew I meant it.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CASE OF THE THREE LOST LETTERS *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Aging English businessman fears for life; Pvt. Op. Ludovic Travers takes over sitting assignment in vain.	Population large; much commuting involved, but nobody misses a meal in this well-paced job.	Amiably complex.
THE COUNTRY-HOUSE BURGLAR *Michael Gilbert* (Harper: $2.75)	British suburban colony jarred by corpse-producing explosion, echo of 1920 blast; cops and amateurs pool findings.	Setting and personnel admirable; tension holds nicely; skilful, taut handling all the way.	His usual bang-up job.
MURDER COMES TO EDEN *Leslie Ford* (Scribner: $2.75)	Ancient killing haunts Maryland countryside as road-builders and real-estaters move in.	Kiddies, dogs, insects increase complications; characters too numerous and fitted to formula.	Severely involved.
THE PAINFUL PREDICAMENT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES *William Gillette* (Ben Abramson, Chicago: $3.50)	Vincent Starrett intro. gives history of this "tenth of an act" curtain-raiser, now first printed.	Author-playwright who created part utters no word in this enjoyable fantasy, produced London, 1905.	Compulsory for BSIs.
THE DARK PLACE *Mildred Davis* (S&S: $2.75)	Female screwball lams, unsettling eastern US community as parents fret over kiddies.	Confused state of patient is transferred to reader; authorities strangely complacent.	Moody, murky, misty.
SHOOT A SITTING DUCK *David Alexander* (Random: $2.75)	Bart Hardin of Broadway fronts for exacting boss when painter dies and lady vanishes.	Pace grows fast as wad of dough is stashed in little theatre; Lt. Romano usual good cop.	His best yet.
GENTLY DOES IT *Alan Hunter* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Yardman Gently, on vacation, takes usual busman's holiday when timber tycoon goes boom.	Football game exciting, and so is CID vs. local cops tilt; climax deliberately foreshadowed.	Detection all the way.
THE GREER CASE *David W. Peck* (S&S: $3.75)	NY jurist narrates true court drama concerning recent will fight with Mass. angles.	Fascinating yarn, skilfully set forth, with technical aspects made clear.	Top drawer.
NEVER PLEAD GUILTY *John Wesley Noble and Bernard Averbuch* (Farrar, Straus: $3.50)	Life history of Jake Ehrlich, SF trial lawyer, with numerous case histories involving name clients.	Nice studies of courtroom technique make this a worthy addition to fact-crime shelf.	Sound entertainment.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

the late 1930s, it revolves around sixteen-year-old Joe Burns and his drunkard father. The condition of their life together is one of conflict, neither of them able to understand what motivates the other to be what he is, and both pretending not to care. Finally the struggle is ended by death, and Joe, able now to comprehend some of the broken ties that bound him and his "old man" together, can begin to get free of them as he never could before.

Honesty of feeling and knowledge of one's subject are not enough to make a novelist of the first rank, but they help a lot, and Mr. Erno, though his first book is far from faultless, seems to have them. Sometimes they augur a steady artistic development which is worth keeping track of, and we can hope that such is the case here.

—JEROME STONE.

VALIANT MAID: To plot a clean story line through the politico-military mess churned up by the Wars of the Roses is no easy job, but Barbara Jefferis somehow manages to do it in **"Beloved Lady"** (Sloane, $3.95). It is only occasionally that the romance of Margery Paston gets lost in the showers of Lancastrian arrows and the tangled switches of Yorkist allegiance. A lesser heroine than Margery would have been permanently lost in the clutter. Whether they wore the white rose or the red, well-born girls of that pragmatic era were married off as instruments of family advantage. Fourteen-year-old Margery loved Richard, who had neither wealth nor power, and, come death itself, would marry no other.

Though Richard was her father's bailiff, indispensable to landed gentry on the make, the Pastons scorned him as a son-in-law. Margery nursed her family through the epidemic and stood by them loyally in the confused civil strife, but she rejected the suitors they chose for her. Neither her mother's brutal beatings nor semi-starvation in an unspeakable hell-hole broke her purpose or her spirit. When it came to defense of the last estate left her beleaguered family Margery was beside Richard on the parapet swinging a right stout axe. Old Sir John had been mistaken in degree but not in kind when he called her Joan of Arc.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

REDEEMER OF ROME'S NAME: Stern Tacitus, lamenting the decay of the old Roman spirit, would have given a respectful "Ave!" to Ralph Graves's

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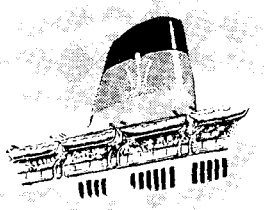

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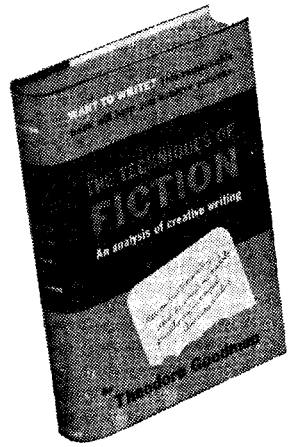

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Paddy Chayefsky

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"The Lost Eagles" (Knopf, $3.95). For in this stirring re-creation of the late Augustan era the glitter of empire shows tarnish and no longer dazzles the barbarian Germans. The novel opens with the annihilation of three crack legions in the Teutoburg Forest, a defeat so final that Rome never again sought conquest east of the Rhine. The name of Varus, commander of the lost legions, became a synonym for shame. Young Severus Varus, cousin of the slain general, swore to Augustus that he would bring back the golden eagles captured by the barbarians.

The youth's secret weapon was something scorned by Romans, the German tongue. Severus humbled himself to study dialects and learn the ways of the victorious tribes. In Germanicus's army he saw arduous Rhine service and after six years brought back the first eagle to the indifferent new Emperor, Tiberius. When at length the young patriot recovered the second eagle Tiberius declared that the honor of Rome was satisfied.

But Severus's honor was not satisfied. Fighting his lonely way to the far northern Germans who held the third eagle, he pretended to turn tribesman. Had his love for a German girl not broken tribal law tragedy would not have darkened the path to his dangerous goal. As it was, corrupt Rome, that cared little for the other two eagles, did not know now what an old-fashioned Roman had won.

—A. F. W.

Screech Owl

By Laura Benét

WE WERE strolling in the wood
When we heard your cry
That was like a mind
deranged,
Like a voice from Erebus,
As your shape rose duskily
From a glimmering birch tree,
While your clattering bill
gave token
Once discovered you must flee
To the nethermost domain
Before the dawn caught
you again.

Whose soul do you harbor then,
Dwarf night wizard, tiny ghost?
Are you a member of that host,
Who thrive on plotting,
seek to kill
Weaker creatures by their will,
Feed on darkness, carry fear
On their wings to mice
and men?

Away to witches in the weir!

Russian Literature

Continued from page 19

is the opposition of some of the most talented Soviet writers to the Party's rigid regimentation, and over the years much of the best of Soviet literature and criticism has reflected this spirit of opposition. For example, though it is true that one purpose of the Second Congress of the Writers Union was to whip dissenting authors and critics back into the "happiness" of willing conformity to Party direction, yet the speeches of many of the prominent writers, among them Ehrenburg, continued the note of protest. To be sure, these speeches did not question the ultimate authority of the Party in literature, but they did point out the harmful results of Party controls. And in one form or another a kind of anguished plea was made for the right of the artist himself to determine what is art. Thus the distinguished poetess Olga Berggolts warned in her speech: ". . . from time to time we ourselves seem to betray art, to depart from its great laws. And art ceases to be a part of life the moment it stops being art. With a kind of timidity inspired by the yelps of the critics, we still do not appraise our work and the state of literature by the criterion of artistry, yet without artistry neither ideological content nor *partiinost'* exists in art."

This spirit of dissent, so well symbolized by "The Thaw" of Ehrenburg, has continued and seems even to have won at last a concession from the powers that be. For a recent article in the Soviet *Literary Gazette*, by the famous author Alexander Fadeev—often a Party mouthpiece in things literary—announces (as reported by *The New York Times*, September 30, 1955) that the concept of Socialist realism must be brought up to date; that it should include the use of symbolic and supernatural devices, which formerly had been condemned as "bourgeois formalism"; that classical bourgeois authors should be studied for their ability "to show the new and positive in life"; and that those who try to discredit or destroy Soviet artists devoted to Marxism-Leninism, simply because they seek their own original way out in solving artistic problems, are the real enemies of art.

These are trifles, but they do suggest that the literary icecap has begun to thaw. After all, insists the disillusioned actress in Ehrenburg's novel, "There is such a thing as art." Perhaps Soviet officialdom is also beginning to think so.

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Americana

Continued from page 14

to do with tracing the influences by which over a period of some half dozen years the manner of life lived in the area underwent slow but inevitable changes until in the end what had been as wide-open and uninhibited an existence as the country had ever known was transformed into one not markedly different from that of the rest of the nation. There were of course a number of factors responsible for that change, the chief of which—as the author makes clear—was the arrival in ever-increasing numbers of women from the States, coming out to join their menfolk who had gone on ahead.

To the student of human behavior the story of that transformation from a predominantly male population to one in which the sexes were fairly evenly divided makes interesting and perhaps significant reading. For the changeover was not accomplished without a certain amount of strain and friction. Men who for a year or two had been completely free agents in not a few instances found it difficult to abandon the allure of the barroom, the gaming table, and the compliant ladies of pleasure for the simple joys of domesticity. Virtue was triumphant in the end but it was a long and sometimes painful process, and Mrs. Margo's narrative brings that seldom emphasized phase of the gold rush into sharp focus.

Notes

LINCOLN'S AIDE: "Close up your affairs and go to Washington and wait for me. A. Lincoln." This note, written in December 1860, to a newspaper editor in his stripling twenties was the spark for the fascinating memoirs of William O. Stoddard, which now appear as **"Lincoln's Third Secretary"** (Exposition Press, $3.50). The memoirs, covering the four years that Stoddard served on the White House staff (with his own latchkey to the Executive Mansion), were written in his old age for his family. They have been edited by his son, William O. Stoddard, Jr. While the editing is lacking in scholarship and while the foreword, by the Rev. Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, drips with unction, Stoddard's own unaffected narrative of his Lincoln days comes through virtually unscathed.

Stoddard met Lincoln in Illinois, wrote an editorial that had some influence in getting Lincoln nominated, campaigned vigorously in 1860, and came to Washington as a clerk to sign land patents for the President. Actually he served principally as a correspondence and appointments secretary to Lincoln; on occasion he undertook inspection trips to the war theatres, dealt tactfully with Mrs. Lincoln when Nicolay and Hay could not, and, in general, served the President with shrewdness and understanding

Stoddard writes simply and well about his experiences. He tells what he saw, what others said. He does not pretend to have been a big wheel, nor even an intimate of Lincoln. It is this absence of vainglory that gives these memoirs their readability. Stoddard, quite unconsciously, has written a first-class piece of reportage.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

YANKEE INVENTIVENESS: A good share of the old Yankee genius was tinkering. The New Englander of two hundred and more years ago did it himself and took pride in the contraptions that resulted. "I could make anything a body wanted—anything in the world, it didn't make any difference," Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee boasted "and if there wasn't any quick new-fangled way to make a thing I could invent one." This Yankee inventiveness has interested many historians, and now the list includes Edmund Fuller, whose **"Tinkers and Genius"** (Hastings House, $4.50) is the most recent in the American Procession Series under the general editorship of Henry G. Alsberg.

Old New England was stony, mountainous, and wooded; it was sparsely populated. Its inhabitants had to improvise to overcome nature's handicaps, or to make virtues out of them. The geographical factor thus accounts in great measure for New Englanders' adaptations of the water wheel and the forge, and for their subsequent skill in mechanical matters.

The persons who wielded the skill and gave life to it—from David Bushnell and his submarine to Chauncey Jerome and his brass clocks through Charles Goodyear and his rubber process—were almost without exception interesting and crotchety in their own right. Mr. Fuller tells their stories well, with copious quotations from contemporary documents.

In concentrating on inventors as people Mr. Fuller has not neglected the technical aspects of their labors; but, happily for most laymen, he explains the inventions simply. The result is a lively and well-integrated chunk of our social and mechanical history, and a very respectable addition to the American Procession Series.

—A. W.

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RESPONSIBLE YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN in search of home in NYC will caretake for owner during extended absence. Box X-296.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

POSITION DESIRED. Secretary, household manager, bookkeeper. Mature. Professional and social experience. Box X-402.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617. Mason City, Iowa.

WOMAN WISHES SHARE five room furnished terrace apartment, Park Avenue, 70's, Manhattan. Facilities included. References. Box X-300.

RUSSIAN-ENGLISH book business, long established, for sale due to retirement. Box X-292.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 2 Columbus Ave., NYC 23.

MATURE WOMAN, NYC, chronic leukemia, wants to share experience of others with same condition. Kindly write Box X-403.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME wearing, selling famous rare jewelry—ladies, men. Box W-746.

FOREIGN SERVICE MAN, retired, 61, speaking 5 languages, seeks interesting occupation, Boston area. Not necessarily remunerative. Letters Box X-294.

OCCUPATION! The sensational new party game. $2.98. COBUS, Cincinnati 4, Ohio.

YOUNG MAN, 24, desires traveling companion to share expenses to Europe next summer. Object: to tour Continent and/or find work there. Box X-295.

500 GUMMED NAME-ADDRESS LABELS $1.00. Printed 3 lines. Village Services, 55 West 8th St., NYC 11.

THREE BEAUTIFUL APRONS, assorted colors, only $1. Guaranteed to be worth $3 or your money back. Send today to William Rice, 188 Pine St., Kingston 7, N. Y.

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FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

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REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. [illegible]ng China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tort[illegible]hell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 [illegible]ast 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

PERSONABLE, liberally educated young man wanted at once as traveling representative for coed college, Middle States area. Box X-409.

SERIOUS MUSICIAN wishes to purchase used PLEYEL HARPSICHORD. Box 72, Lakeville, Conn.

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STAMFORD, VERMONT, Route 8, Eleven miles Williamstown, Mass., five from State line. Colonial house, fine condition, 7 rooms, attic, cellar. One car garage. Oil heat, excellent water. ¾ acre of meadow, garden. Sunlight, mountain views all windows. $15,000. Write Burges Johnson, R.D. 1, North Adams, Mass. for picture.

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FURNISHED, modern cottage, ideal for painting, writing, rest. Bubbling Pond Ranch, Sedona, Arizona. Reasonable rental. Box X-285.

QUIET VERMONT COUNTRY LIVING, work or rest, beautiful view, attractively furnished two rooms, private bath, continental food. Green Mountain Meadows, East Wallingford, Vermont.

WRITER GOING EUROPE wants to rent his furnished Neutra house, ideally located above Uplifters Canyon, Santa Monica, for half year beginning December 1. Box X-293.

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CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Windward and Leeward Islands. Private parties only. Selection of well appointed vessels. Price range $25 to $30 per person per day. Write air mail, Commander Vernon Nicholson, Box 103, Antigua, British West Indies.

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EUROPE 1956, THREE MIDWEST CIRCLE TOURS, June, July, August: "Grand," 82 days, 19 countries, $1,188; "Standard," 62 days, 12 countries, $995; "Central," 52 days, 10 countries, $888. Italy, Scandinavia on all itineraries. Prices include steamer, round-trip. MIDWEST TOURS, R. Dittman, St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1126

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

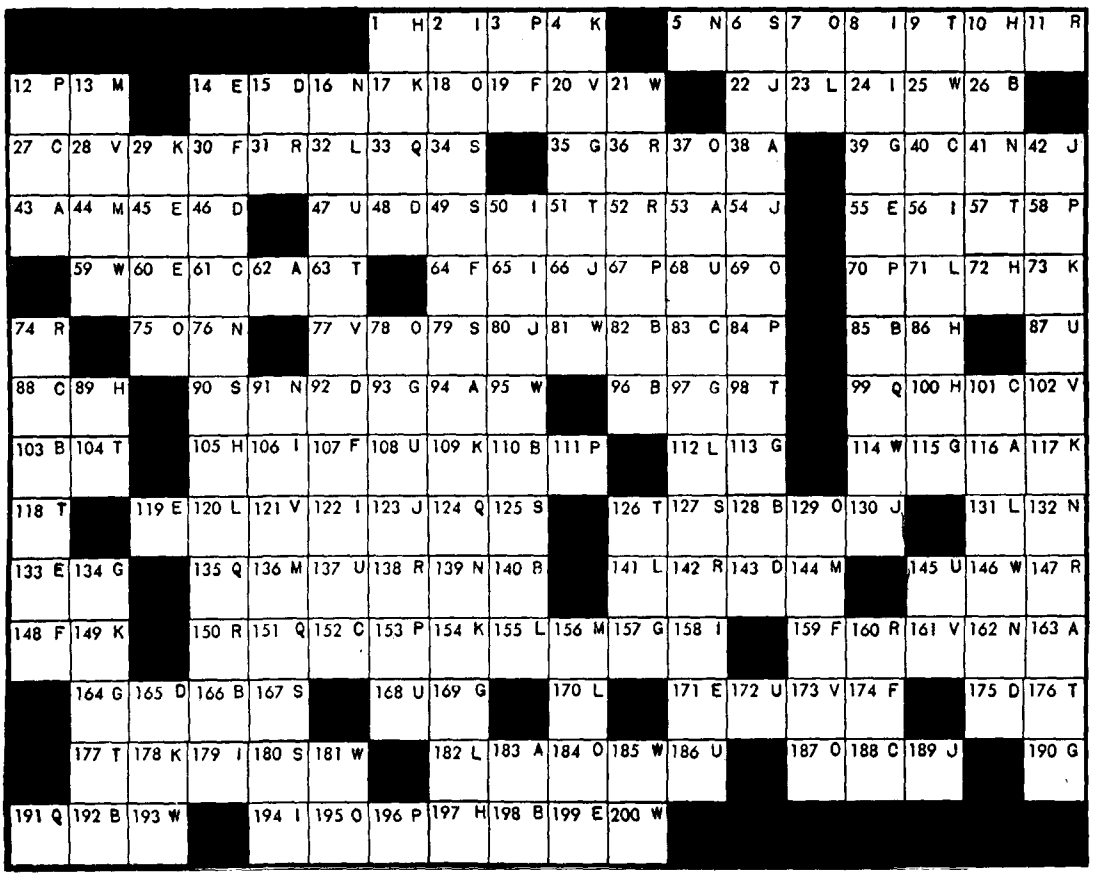
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Dresses up with vulgar finery.	183 53 163 62 43 116 38 94
B. One who deciphers inscriptions.	110 166 103 85 26 192 198 82 128 140 96
C. Cruel, pitiless.	40 88 83 188 152 61 101 27
D. Affianced.	175 92 165 143 15 48 46
E. Inhabitant of old Italian province, once the principality of Napoleon's sister, 1805.	171 199 119 14 60 133 55 45
F. Cosset (2 wds.).	30 159 174 148 107 19 64
G. The machinery of chirotony (3 wds.).	169 115 113 35 93 39 97 157 134 164 190
H. Benjamin Franklin said two of this are worth one today.	89 100 72 197 10 105 86 1
I. Verd antique.	122 8 2 56 194 65 158 50 179 24 106
J. Primitive Roman god of springs and streams.	54 189 123 66 80 42 22 130
K. Peninsula on west coast of Islay, Inner Hebrides (2 wds.).	154 109 29 117 178 17 73 4 149
L. Take that thing out of my sight! (3 wds.).	182 131 120 71 141 155 23 32 170 112

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Indian tribe of Georgia who migrated westward with the Creeks.	13 136 156 144 44
N. Gadget yearned for by the independent teenager.	162 16 5 91 132 139 41 76
O. One instrument which measures both electric current and resistance (comp.).	184 78 129 195 7 75 37 187 69 18
P. Rectitude; suitability.	12 153 58 70 67 196 3 84 111
Q. Flirt.	99 151 135 124 33 191
R. Bring to an issue of full success.	11 138 31 160 52 150 147 142 74 36
S. The coming period of theatrical or social activity (2 wds.).	49 6 127 125 167 90 34 79 180
T. Written in the orchestra conductor's book; considering the fact (3 wds.).	176 57 177 51 118 126 104 9 63 98
U. Perfume from an East Indian shrubby mint plant.	145 137 186 108 47 87 168 68 172
V. Disheveled.	161 121 173 20 102 28 77
W. Result when the batter tries and misses (2 wds.).	95 114 185 21 81 200 59 193 146 181 25

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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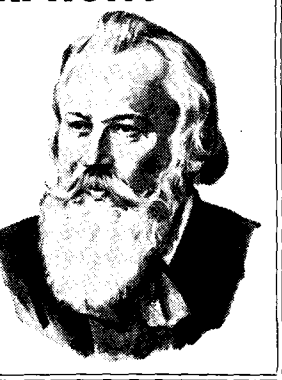

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IN D MAJOR

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Endre Wolf, *violinist*

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